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THE CHICAGO CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE A. O. H. OF ILLINOIS AND THE UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES OF CHICAGO AND COOK COUNTY.

VOL. XVI. NO. 49. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1897.---SIXTEENTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

CANADIAN CELTS.

Magnificent Celebrations of the Thirtieth Mortuary Anniversary of the Manchester Martyrs at Montreal and Quebec, in the Neighboring Dominion.

Speeches of John F. Finerty at Both Gatherings—He Upholds the Right of Ireland to Complete Independence, and Wishes He Had All the English Before Him, so that He Might Tell Them the Plain, Bitter Truth About Their Accursed Rule in That Country.

Scenes of Great Enthusiasm.

(From Montreal True Witness, Daily Witness and Other Sources, Nov. 24.)

The anniversary demonstration in commemoration of the Manchester Martyrs—Allen, Larkin and O'Brien—which was held at the Windsor hall, Tuesday evening, Nov. 23, under the auspices of Div. 1, A. O. H., was a magnificent success. There was a large and enthusiastic audience present, and the programme prepared for the occasion was carried out in a manner which reflected great credit upon the organization and the Irish minstrels and other participators. The Irish minstrels have been recently organized from the ranks of the enthusiastic members of the St. Ann's choir by Prof. P. J. Shea.

The feature of the evening was of course the address of the Hon. John F. Finerty, of Chicago. Mr. Finerty proved himself to be a powerful platform speaker, and the masterly manner in which he grouped and marshalled facts and figures in connection with the history of Ireland awakened the greatest enthusiasm.

The following was the order of the programme, which was under the special direction of Prof. P. J. Shea, of St. Ann's choir:

Opening Remarks by the President, Mr. H. McMorrow.
Irish Airs.
Opening Chorus—"Let Erin Remember the Days of Old." Irish Minstrels.
Song and Chorus—"The Dear Little Shamrock," Miss Louisa Morrison.
Recitation—"The Manchester Martyrs," Mr. Thos. Sullivan.
Song and Chorus—"The Boys of Wexford," Mr. T. C. Emblem.
Harp Selections—"Memories of Tara," Mrs. Parratt.
Chorus—"The Minstrel Boy"..... Irish Minstrels
Song with harp accompaniment by Mrs. Parratt, Miss Ella Walker.
Mandolin and Guitar Selection—"Dreams of Erin," Messrs. St. John and Gregory.
Song and Chorus—"Come Back to Erin," Mr. M. Mullarky.
Song and Chorus—"We'll Have the Land for the People," Mr. Ed. Quinn.
Chorus—"Tho' the Last Glimpse of Erin," Irish Minstrels.
"God Save Ireland"..... Mr. Ed. Quinn and Minstrels.

The Chairman's Speech.

The president of the Division, Mr. H. McMorrow, presided in an able manner. In opening the proceedings he said:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—It is my pleasing duty, on behalf of Div. 1, A. O. H., to thank you all for your attendance here this evening. Your presence in such very large numbers on this as well as on former occasions is a sufficient guarantee to us that the aims and objects of this organization are fully appreciated by the Irish people of the great city of Montreal. In patronizing this entertainment, ladies and gentlemen, you not only patronize the oldest, but also the most thoroughly Irish National organization in existence today. The birth of this Order dates back to the memorable year of 1760, when the penal laws were in full operation in our beloved motherland, and when it was treason to be a Catholic, and high treason to worship in that religion. Unfortunately, we have but very meagre records concerning its early history, for the reason, that if any documents relative to the Order were found in possession of a member, it meant transportation for life to some of the infamous penal colonies of England; but it is a well known fact, however, that the motives and desires which prompted its founders was to protect and secrete the unfortunate bishops, priests and teachers on whose heads might fall the fatal results of the informer's infamous greed. In the dark days, ladies and gentlemen, of Ireland's past history, when no sacred edifice for Catholic worship was allowed to exist, and when the tithe proctor and perjured assassin swarmed over the beautiful Emerald Isle, and when a price was set upon the heads of bishops and priests the same as on the heads of wolves and other beasts of the forest, the A. O. H. sprang into existence and came to the front to fight for faith and fatherland. That they struggled against fearful odds, is true, but with all the forces that were arrayed against them, they kept the enemy in check until a more liberal spirit dawned upon the shores of their unfortunate country, and toleration took the place of bigotry. Since then the scope of the Order has changed, for we find that when Catholic emancipation was granted to our beloved motherland the Order threw aside its militant policy, and adopted the more peaceful one of moral suasion, and today its banner sends forth the message of friendship, unity and true Christian charity to its members and peace and good will to all men.

This is the doctrine as taught by our organization the world over today, for I can assure you, ladies and gentlemen, there are few places on the face of the earth where there dwell Irishmen or their descendants that there does not exist a division of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. The first branch of the Order on this side of the Atlantic was organized in New York in 1836. It was watered there by the tears of Irish exiles and nurtured and cherished by men whom tyranny and oppression had driven from the land of their fathers. The consequence was it took root and spread to the neighboring states, and today extends to every town and hamlet in every state in the Union, as well as in the various provinces of this broad Dominion, carrying aid and comfort to the sick and helpless, and hope and consolation to the widows and the orphans. This entertainment, ladies and gentlemen, is got up for a two-fold purpose; in the first place, it is gotten up to celebrate the fifth anniversary of the inception of the Order in this city and province, and in the second place it is got up to commemorate the anniversary of the execution of the Manchester Martyrs, Allen, Larkin and O'Brien.

There have been four divisions of the Order organized in this city since then, all of which, I am proud to state, are in a most prosperous and flourishing condition, both numerically and financially. There have also been two divisions of the Ladies' Auxiliary organized, which compare very favorably wito their brother Hibernians in advancing the interests of the Order. To those ladies we are indebted in no small way for the material assistance we received at their hands in pushing the sale of tickets and otherwise contributing to make this entertainment a success.

As regards the execution of the Manchester Martyrs, I will say nothing, as you will hear it more eloquently from the lips of Mr. Finerty, who has traveled hundreds of miles to address you this evening.

As the programme of this entertainment is a rather lengthy one, and carefully prepared for this occasion by the far famed Irish National Minstrels, I will detain you no longer, but, in conclusion, let me once more return you the sincere thanks of the officers and members of Div. 1, and on their behalf, extend to you a hearty and generous cead mile failthe.

Mr. Finerty's Address.

Mr. Finerty received an enthusiastic welcome as he advanced to the footlights. After expressing his pleasure at seeing so large an audience assembled to show their devotion to the cause of Ireland, he proceeded to give a rapid but brilliant sketch of the principal events in Irish history which led up to the agitation of the present day. There were some well meaning but uninformed people, he said, who thought that we ought to be grateful because England condescended to govern Ireland, but unfortunately for this pretension, the average Irishman thought he was just as good as the average Englishman. (Laughter.) Since the God of Heaven had not stamped any brand of inferiority on our brow or given us diminished intellect or strength, he knew of no reason why our British neighbors should have the right to come into the country that belongs to us and turn us out of it, and take for their own enjoyment all the good things therein. If we had done the same thing to the English, they would be up in rebellion every month in the year, and they would be right. (Applause.)

Ireland is not a colony of England and never was. She existed long before England was ever heard of. When Julius Cæsar landed on the shores of England and saw the ancient Britons coming down, clothed in the skins of wild beasts and painted like American Indians, he was so astonished that he fell on the shingles of Sussex and broke his Roman nose. (Laughter.) The Irish nation had existed for 3,500 years. It was a nation when Solomon reigned in Judea, when Cæsar led his victorious legions over the Alps into Gaul. It existed long anterior to the Saxon line of the kings of England. When we come to consider the question of antiquity, there is not an O'Brien or McMurrough or a McCarthy in any part of the werld who has not older and richer blood in his veins than all the dynasties that ever reigned in England. In comparison with the Milesian Irish the royalties of Europe were but the things of yesterday. Let him tell them something. The old Irish of Murphy is McMurrough, and the only drop of Irish blood which the present ruler of Ireland has in her veins comes from the marriage of Eva McMurrough with Strongbow; and those people who sound her praises sometimes forget that the old lady after all is only a girl of the Murphys. (Laughter.) Talk about the Tudors and Plantagenets and the Stuarts! Why since the days of Brian Boroihme the Irish tribes had worn their titles and the O and Mac are a better patent of nobility than was ever handed by any king or queen in Europe to knight or squire.

For five hundred years before 1691, Ireland battled against the Normans. Three times she wrested from England's grasp the possession of Ireland and each time lost it again by faction and misfortune. Under Edward Bruce and McMurrough and Hugh O'Neill and Art successive chieftains she was victorious. Against the armies of Elizabeth she held her own; before the legions of Cromwell she did not quail. The old flag was struck down on many a field, but it never fell with dishonor. When the Irish nation drew the sword in the cause of King James II., she drew it, not because he was King of England or Scotland, but because, as King of Ireland, he upheld the cause of civil and religious liberty, because he gave her in the parliament of 1689, where Protestants and Catholics had equal representation, the charter of her liberty, and for this charter she fought and fell with honor. And when the Irish troops finally marched out from the well defended walls of Limerick, they only marched out after they had wrung from the representatives of William the right of the Catholic to worship God and possess his land in peace—the right to civil and religious liberty. The Irish army marched out of Limerick, not as a beaten army, but with all the honors of war—with drums beating, matches lit and colors flying. And it was only after they had landed in France, to form the immortal Irish Brigade, that they learned of the shameful and perfidious violation of the treaty.

The Irish Brigade, under Sarsfield and Lord Clare, shook Europe with the martial tramp of its squadrons and battalions. They were foremost in every fight, with kings and princes and marshals and generals as their comrades; welcome to every court of Europe, making everywhere an unequalled record of daring and brilliancy, this splendid soldiery is to this day a watchword in every martial camp of Europe. Let me take you for a moment with that glorious brigade far beyond the waves of the Atlantic, across the fair fields of France, over the Alps, into the plains of Lombardy, to the town of Cremona, besieged by the Austrians of the Prince Eugene of Savoy, one of the greatest generals that ever drew a sword. The French garrison, under Marshal Villeroi, was off guard and devoting itself to pleasure, and the two Irish regiments of Dillon and Burke, who had fought at Limerick, were on guard. Treason had admitted the Austrians into the city, and but twenty Irish soldiers held the main gate. The Austrian cuirassiers called on the Irish to surrender, but their reply was a volley, and at the sound the two regiments of Dillon and Bourke sprang from their bivouacs with only their shirts, muskets and cartridge belts, and unclad as they were, in the cold blast of a Cremonese winter, they faced those mail-clad squadrons, and, gaining time for the French to rally to their support, drove Prince Eugene and his cuirassiers from the town. Louis XIV., in recognition of their bravery, raised the pay of those regiments to the footing of his guards, and recognized the citizenship of an Irishman the moment he reached the soil of France.

The lecturer then proceeded to give a brilliant word painting of some of the more notable exploits of the Irish brigade and particularly of their great victory at Fontenoy, where they saved the French army from complete defeat as they scattered the English columns by their famous charge to the cry of "Revenge! Remember Limerick!" He also related the history of their honorable discharge from the French service, in 1792, when the Comte de Provence, afterward King Louis XVIII., gave them for their flag motto, "Semper et ubique fidelis—always and everywhere faithful."

But in the meantime what was taking place at home? The very first act of the English government was to violate the Treaty of Limerick. Irish Catholics were disfranchised; the father was taught to be untrue to his son; and the son was taught to betray his father; the wife was given the husband's property if she apostatized. The same price was placed upon the head of a schoolmaster or a priest as on that of a wolf. For a hundred years an Irish Catholic was not permitted to be educated. The man who dared to educate him was held to be a traitor. No Catholic could vote or sit in parliament or practice medicine or law or hold a commission in the army. This lasted for a hundred years of English rule in Ireland, from 1692 to to 1793. People might ask, what is the use of recalling these things? But if he recalled them, it was not out of enmity to those whom the Irish had met on the battlefield, but because of the slanders heaped upon us, the caricatures made of us, and the venom shown toward us by historians and publicists, even of this day, who sought to hide England's perfidy and ill treatment by calumniating and blackening the Irish character. They taunted us with ignorance, but, as Wendell Phillips said: "When Irish ignorance in the past is spoken of, it was not Ireland that ought to blush for it, but England."

In 1780 Ireland had a leader in the illustrious Protestant, Henry Grattan. (Applause.) Grattan believed it was possible for an independent parliament of Ireland to exist side by side with an independent parliament of England. He believed in what he called "the golden link of the crown." At that time the navigation laws of England forbade Ireland to export anything unless she first dumped her cargoes at an English custom house to be appraised. You could not send a pound of goods out of Ireland anywhere without first paying the Englishman duty on it. It was pretty hard to do business on such a basis, and Grattan demanded that the shackles be struck off Ireland's commerce.

The lecturer then gave a racy description of the Volunteer movement, and of the meeting of the delegates in the Presbyterian church of Dungannon in Tyrone, and the passage of the famous resolution declaring that the claim of any body of men other than the king, lords and commons of Ireland to pass laws to bind the kingdom of Ireland, was illegal, unconstitutional and a grievance.

Grattan and his volunteers demanded the liberty of Ireland and they got it. George III. signed a bill declaring the Irish parliament perfectly free of allegiance to everything but what was termed the golden link of the crown. He went further. By the act of renunciation he repealed the act requiring an appeal from the Irish law courts to the English house of lords, and explicitly renounced any control whatever over the laws of Ireland. No sooner, however, was the American war over than the Irish Protestants, with unfortunate loyalty, were weak enough to connive at the disbandment of the volunteers, and once England had restored her garrison in Ireland she set to work to undo what Grattan and the volunteers had accomplished. The rebellion of 1798 was fomented and brought to a head, as shown by Lecky and other historians, by the connivance of Pitt and the assistance of Castlereagh of infamous memory. After the suppression of the rebellion, wholesale bribery was resorted to, and finally the Irish parliament was destroyed, and Ireland ceased to be an independent nation on the first of January, 1801. From 1782 to 1800, when she had her own parliament, her resources and her population increased rapidly, but a few years after its destruction the first great famine afflicted the country, and was followed by others at frequent intervals.

It was a good thing once in a while to open up old sores. One of the seven corporal works of mercy was to instruct the ignorant. The speaker said that he respected the English in certain ways. They loved their land and stuck to it. An Englishman was never heard to apologize to an Irishman for anything England had ever done to Ireland. Well, there was one Irishman who would never apologize to any Englishman for anything Ireland had ever done to England. (Hear, hear, and applause). The Englishman was an international clairvoyant. He liked to sit in his office in Downing street and run the affairs of most of the world. No doubt he would like to run the affairs of Canada also if Canada would only let him. Individually he might admire him, but collectively he feared he had no more soul than the average corporation.

The speaker did not think that Irishmen should be blamed for impulsiveness, but rather the reverse. There was not a people on earth, naturally brave as the Irish were, that would have borne such harrowing wrongs without making the earth reek with blood. He referred by name to the many illustrious men who had labored, loved and lost for Ireland, and who were now the dust of America, Australia and other lands. Despairing of ever obtaining justice, well might they conspire to overthrow English misrule in their country. How the word "rebel" could be used to slander the men who loved their country and who loved their kind. Any honestly disposed Englishman would hide his head with shame at the recital of Ireland's wrongs.

Mr. Finerty recited most of them—a long list. Would Canadians, he asked, tamely submit to such wrongs? (Vehement cries of "No"). Would Australians? Would New Zealanders? Would the English themselves? (Cries of "Never"). He was speaking, he knew, in a portion of the British dominions, but, wherever he spoke, on whatever platform, before whatever audience, he believed in the total emancipation of Ireland from the British yoke. England had proven herself unfit to govern. Her rule in Ireland had been a blight. He wished to speak the truth. ("Hear" and applause). He had no respect for the sneaking Irishman who feared to speak the truth, who feared to nail his national colors to the mast because it might offend the English. O'Connell used to say of such Irishmen. "God forgive me for having emancipated those mean fellows!" (Applause and laughter). They might be prudent, practical, sensible and "respectable"—according to the snobbish idea, but he (Mr. Finerty) considered them base moral cowards, miserable sticks of men, whom the English who, at least, were frank and fearless in their expressions heartily and justly despised. (Loud cheers). Oh, he (Mr. Finerty) wished he could have all the English before him and that his voice could reach them, so that he could tell them the plain, bitter, naked truth about their merciless rule in Ireland. (Loud and continued applause). He had indicted that rule. He had given a list of grievances that Ireland endured and of crimes that England had committed against her and he defied successful contradiction of his indictment. (Great applause). He indicted England on the authority of history, not by the flights of fancy. Her rule in Ireland was a succession of wanton massacres, broken pledges, violated treaties, artificial famines and plagues of death coming with black, outstretched wings in the wake of famine. (Sensation). He accused England of 1,500,000 victims of starvation and typhus, from 1846 to 1850. He accused her of the deaths of myriads who, flying from her accursed sway, had whitened the bottom of the Atlantic with their bones! He accused her of the 3,000,000 victims of eviction and of the 4,000,000 emigrants who had fled the Irish shore within fifty years. (Sensation). Did they wish fresh evidence of this murderous misgovernment? They had it at their doors. Let them go down to the Victoria Bridge in their own city and see beside it the humble monument raised by laboring men to the 6,000 Irish victims of the ship fever who were buried there in those awful years of famine and exodus. Taken from any rational standpoint, English rule in Ireland was an ignominious failure, and were the Irish satisfied with it, they would deserve to be considered cowards and spaniels. (Great applause). It was impossible for men to be "loyal" to such a system of misrule. It would be a crime against the dignity of manhood. (Applause).

He had a purpose in dwelling on the atrocities of England in Ireland. It led up to the reason and justification of the cause in which the Manchester Martyrs played so brave a part and so serenely died. The Irish Revolutionary, or Fenian, Brotherhood to which they belonged, had despaired of appeals to English reason and to English justice—if such things existed. (Laughter). As far as Ireland was concerned English justice was a myth. O'Connell, had wasted all the resources of his mighty intellect in vain in the cause of Repeal of the Union. England had answered his "moral suasion" with the dungeon. Sadlier, Keogh and their infamous colleagues of the Brass Band had sold out the cause of the Irish tenants to the British government in 1852. O'Connell, unable to save his country—unable to make England understand that Ireland was perishing before her eyes—because she did not wish to understand—left his country and died of a broken heart in Genoa the Superb—thus sadly closing a long, laborious and, at one time, glorious career. Sadlier poisoned himself and Judge Keogh, like Castlereagh, cut his infamous throat, twenty years too late. (Laughter and applause). Under these circumstances—these failures and desertions—it was no wonder that the young and intelligent and spirited men of Ireland thought of other methods. At one time, they seemed on the verge of success, but the irresolution, or imbecility, of their leaders allowed the golden opportunity to float by and it did not return on the waves of action. Like their brilliant predecessors, the Young Irelanders, whose fate was as sad as their own, they struck too late. The speaker then went into a rapid and graphic description of the arrest of Col. Kelly and Capt. Deasy, and their rescue by a band of Fenians while en route from the magistrate's office in Manchester to Salford prison. Twelve policemen were guarding that van, and, when attacked, eleven of them fled, leaving the twelfth man, Sergt. Brett alone. He was inside the van with the prisoners and held the keys. He was asked to give them up and refused. Then a leader shouted, "Shoot through the keyhole and break the lock!" The order was obeyed, and Brett who, at the moment was looking through the aperture to see what was going on outside, fell dead with a bullet in his brain. There was no intention of shooting him. It was purely accidental, but forgetting conveniently all the crimes their own government had committed in Ireland, the English people flew into a passion of panic and, almost unanimously, cried "Murder" and demanded blood. Popular hatred rose so high that Ernest Jones, the leading counsel for the Fenian prisoners, threw up his brief and said he despaired of a fair trial for his clients.

What would have been glory in Italy, what would have elevated the Greek to the highest heroism, what would have won fame for the Bulgarian, was murder when accomplished by an Irishman. On the evidence of vile witnesses five men were sentenced to be hanged. One was afterwards proven to be innocent and was pardoned, and another was respited because it was not believed that he was present at the time of the occurrence at all. Was it not good law, under these circumstances, that the other three who were convicted on the same evidence should have had a new trial? He asked his distinguished legal friend, Mr. Quinn, M. P., whether if he had been on the bench at the time, he would have granted the condemned men another trial, considering all the circumstances?

Mr. Quinn—I certainly, under the circumstances, should have done so. (Prolonged applause).

Mr. Finerty—Thus you see, my friends, whether you are Irish, British or Canadian, the Manchester Martyrs were victims not even of English law, for that was impeached and dishonored by false evidence, but of English passion, English intolerance, English prejudice, fed upon mutilated and insufficient testimony. (Loud cheering).

The speaker then described the scene at the execution, dwelt upon the courage of the victims—particularly the chivalric bearing of O'Brien—and the brutal eagerness of the English mob for the horrid sacrifice. But their blood, he said, had not been vainly shed, and though, to add to the horror of their doom, their murderers, not satisfied to wait on the slower decomposing processes of nature, had hastened their physical annihilation by burying the bodies in quicklime, in graves dug in unconsecrated ground, still they could not destroy the spirit that animated the heroes to rescue their leaders, and that spirit was abroad throughout all the world, wherever an Irishman, true to his country, his race and his self-respect, dwelt that night. (Loud and prolonged cheering). Yes, in old Ireland, in free America, in Canada, in Australia, in New Zealand, in the Republics that grew to grandeur under the Southern Cross, Irishmen that night were celebrating the heroic memory of the men who died for liberty, surrounded by swarming enemies, with the heart-born cry of "God Save Ireland!" on their dying lips. (Enthusiastic cheering). A cause that produced such confessors of the faith of freedom could never die. ("Hear" and loud applause). They, those martyrs, were the chevaliers of the Irish working people—they had faced death as bravely as the Geraldines, the Emmets and the Russells. (Loud cheers). They were the last, up to the present, of a long line of martyrs whose blood was the seed of liberty. England called them rebels, but so also had she called Wallace whom she slew and Bruce who baffled her. So had the Bavarian designated Hofer, who died for Tyrol, and Austria, Kossuth, who strove for Hungary. But their cause lived after them, and so did that of the Manchester Martyrs. (Prolonged cheering).

Mr. Finerty closed an address, of which the foregoing is a meager outline, by predicting the ultimate independence of Ireland, even though an Empire must perish to achieve that end. He sat down amid reiterated cheering. A magnificent bouquet was presented him by the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Ancient Order of Hibernians.

The Hon. Mr. Quinn, in a brief but eloquent address, moved a vote of thanks to the lecturer, and he was ably seconded by the Hon. Mr. Devlin. The motion was carried with three cheers and a "tiger" that made the great hall rock, and the proceedings came to an end amid this scene of enthusiasm.

At midnight Mr. Finerty was banquetted at the St. Lawrence Hall Hotel, Mr. R. Keys presiding. Speeches were made by the chairman, Mr. Fitzpatrick, Mr. William Keyes, Treasurer Feeney, of the A. O. H., Mr. Clark, Mr. L. P. O'Brien, secretary of Div. 1, A. O. H., Mr. MacMorrow, Mr. Wall, Mr. Buckley, Mr. Finerty and others. The blush of morning was in the sky when the party finally broke up, with mutual regret. Mr. Finerty left on the evening train for Quebec.

MR. FINERTY AT QUEBEC.

(Condensed from Quebec Telegraph, Nov. 26).

The lecture last night at Tara hall in commemoration of the judicial murder of the Manchester Martyrs, Allen, Larkin and O'Brien by Hon. John. F. Finerty, of Chicago, was an intellectual, historical and oratorical treat that will long be remembered by those who had the pleasing privilege to be present. Mr. Finerty spoke under the auspices of Div. 1, of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, who attended in large numbers with their wives and daughters to hear him.

The entertainment opened with a very pleasing concert and readings in which Miss Purdie, Miss Maguire, Miss A. Mullins, Mrs. Dr. Shee, Messrs. J. and R. Timmons, R. Ford, Carbray and S. J. O'Neil took part. Miss Purdie opened with a piano solo of Irish airs that was well received, followed by Mr. J. Timmons, who rendered a most pleasing song, "Sentenced to Death," that called forth an encore. Miss Maguire, an old time favorite, sang "Kathleen Mavourneen" with exquisite taste, and was obliged to respond to an encore, when she rendered "Good Night" very sweetly in her well cultured voice. Mrs. Dr. Shee gave a reading which was heartily applauded. Miss A. Mullin sang, "Has Sorrow Thy Young Days Shaded," in a very sweet manner, and received well merited applause and an encore. Mr. R. Timmons recited a very touching "Incident of '98," in a masterly style that brought forth the well developed histrionic powers which he possesses, and was vociferously applauded and encored. The selection of Irish pipes by Messrs. Ford and Carbray was one of the pleasing features of the evening.

At the close of the concert, Mr. Finerty came on the stage accompanied by Mr. Patrick Kirwin, President of Branch No. 1, A. O. H.; Mr. Jeremiah Gallagher, C. E., County President, A. O. H.; Mr. Hartly, Secretary, Branch No. 1, A. O. H., and Mr. Felix Carbray, M. P., for Quebec West. Mr. Kirwin introduced the lecturer in well chosen remarks, which he delivered in a lucid and able manner, and took occasion to refer to the wrongs which Ireland has endured for seven long centuries at the hands of the British government.

Mr. Finerty on rising to address the audience was received with a very flattering demonstration, the applause lasting for some time before he was able to proceed. He expressed the great pleasure it afforded him to appear before an audience in historic Quebec, a city of world-renown, whose soil has drunk the blood of heroes of French, English and Irish nationality, and mentioned the names of Montgomery, Wolfe and Montcalm, the town in which valor fought, and the name of which will ever live in history.

After warning any Englishmen who might be present that the truths he was about to express might not be pleasing to their ears, nevertheless they were incontrovertible historical facts that could not be gainsaid. The cause of Ireland, said the speaker, has suffered from the ignorance as to its merits. It was the interest of England to spread broadcast that Ireland came into the hands of England that she migh civilize the Irish, but the time had come when Irish writers and speakers no longer trammelled, appeared on the stage to point out the cause of Irish wrongs.

[Owing to pressure on its space, THE CITIZEN is unable to give a full report of Mr. Finerty's address, but in spirit, it was like that delivered at Montreal.]

At the conclusion of the lecture a vote of thanks was proposed by Mr. Felix Carbray, M. P., and Mr. Jeremiah Gallagher, C. E., supported by a neat speech from each gentleman on the cause of Ireland. The vote was received by all present standing, when Mr. S. J. O'Neil, led in singing "God Save Ireland," the audience joining in the chorus.

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AUTONOMY FOR CUBA.

Bold Stand Taken by De Lome in Interpreting the Recent Royal Decree.

SAYS IT IS AMPLE AND COMPLETE

And Gives the Island a Greater Degree of Home Rule Than Has Canada or Any State in the United States—Shows Where the Spanish Policy Is More Liberal Than the British or American According to the Minister's View.

Washington, Nov. 30.—Senor Dupuy de Lome, the Spanish minister, has received long dispatches from Madrid showing in detail the plan of autonomy which Spain is about to apply to Cuba. While these do not give the text of the new law they explain all important features and clear up doubts which had arisen from the unofficial reports which have come from Madrid. Speaking of the new laws the minister said: "It is a measure which will stand the closest scrutiny, and I am very desirous that the American people should look into it with care, studying it and comparing it with other constitutional methods of governing colonies. One of the recent criticisms is that this plan of autonomy is the same as the old plan, with some change of detail.

Just What the Autonomists Asked.

"As a matter of fact the new plan is a complete realization of the policy and platforms of the Autonomist party during the last twenty years. The old plan of autonomy gave to Cuba an advisory body. It did not have final authority in making laws, but merely advised as to those laws. Now, however, the new law proposes to give Cuba a parliamentary body of full law-making power. The completeness of this legislative power is as great, if not greater, than that enjoyed by Canada or by any state of the United States. This is readily demonstrated by comparing the plan of the new law with that of the British North American act of 1867, which establishes the present parliamentary system of Canada.

Home Rule as It Is in Canada.

"According to the Canadian law the Canadian parliament consists of two bodies. The upper house is made up of members appointed by the crown, each member holding a life tenure, with a qualification that no member is eligible unless he has an income of $4,000. The provision for the new Cuban upper house is along the same general line, but is far less stringent. Instead of the crown appointing all of the upper house—as in the case of Canada—the Spanish crown is to appoint only one-half of the members of the upper house of Cuba. The other half are to be elected by the people of Cuba every five years. There is a $4,000 property qualification for membership of the upper house of Cuba, which is the same as that in Canada.

Regarding the Lower House.

"The same comparison holds good between the proposed lower house in Cuba and the lower house in Canada. There is a $3,500 property qualification for members of the lower house in Canada and also a qualification as to those who may vote for such members. But in the new plan for Cuba there is no property qualifications as to the electors. It is one man, one vote, the same be he black or white.

COMPARED WITH OUR STATES.

Declares the Law Gives Cuba More Home Rule Than They Have.

"If the new home rule law is compared with the systems prevailing the several states of the United States it will be found that Cuba is to have a far greater measure of control of her own affairs than do the several states in this country. For instance, she is given control of her postal affairs, control of her banking and currency, control of her customs. This last feature is most important, and according to dispatches I have received from Madrid it is as follows: "The insular parliament will form its own tariff, fixing both import and export duties. The home government, together with the insular government, will make a schedule of such peninsular and insular products as by common agreement shall enjoy a preferential duty over similar foreign products, which in no case shall exceed 25 per cent. In case of disagreement in the preparation of said schedule the point in dispute shall be submitted to a committee of members of the cortes consisting of an equal number of Peninsulars and Cubans.'

"It will be observed that this gives to the Cuban parliament entire control of the tariff with the condition that there shall be preferential duties for Spain not exceeding 25 per cent. It should be understood that these preferential duties are not an unusual feature. Even under the last reciprocity treaty between the United States and Cuba, which is conceded to have been the most satisfactory reciprocity treaty made by the United States, there was a preferential duty of 50 per cent. to Spain. Under the new law this is cut down to 25 per cent. Moreover, it should be understood that the preferential duties do not cover all the tariff schedules, as they did when the United States and Cuba had a reciprocity treaty, but cover only a limited number of articles.

"There is another feature which should be noted. For the first time the government has said officially that Spain will assume a part of the debt of Cuba. The payment of this debt is to be arranged by the cortes, but it is to be on a basis satisfactory to both parties."

Recurring to the legislative powers which Cuba would enjoy the minister was asked if they was not qualified to some extent by the right of approval reserved to the governor general in certain cases. "It will be found on examining the new law," answered the minister, "that the governor general has this reserved right only in three specific cases, while the general rule is that the laws go into effect without reserve. Furthermore, these three reservations are th same as those given to the governor general of Canada, or to any other colonial executive. This will be found to be the case by examining the British-American act of 1867 already referred to. In short, there is nothing unusual in these reservations in a few specific cases of a national character, but it is the universal principle in the constitutional government of colonies."

WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.

Elderly Man Gets Converted and Marries Three Salvation Lasses.

Chicago, Nov. 29.—William Seymour, who wears a Grand Army of the Republic uniform and a naval tattoo on his wrist, has already succeeded in marrying three Salvation army lasses, and a note of warning has been issued in the War Cry concerning him. His usual plan of operation is to attend a meeting and get awakened to a consciousness of his sinfulness by the prayer or exhortation of some fair ensign or lieutenant. Then by degrees he convinces her that his case demands a matrimonial cure.

He is 5 ft. 3 in. in height and 58 years old, but it is said he looks more than ten years younger, and his manners are described as particularly ingratiating. An adjutant in Buffalo, a lieutenant in Philadelphia and an ensign in Lansing, Mich., have so far yielded to his blandishments and become his wives. The Buffalo girl was the last. Ensign Seccomb, who has charge of the women cadets at Princess rink, said that she would keep a bright lookout for Mr. Seymour. "It is a perfectly dreadful thing," said the little woman. "I do not believe that any of my flock are in danger, though."

AIM TO CORNER THE CASH.

Latest Scheme of Rockefeller, Havemeyer, and Morgan.

New York, Nov. 29.—Bankers of this city are alarmed almost beyond measure as the development of one of the most gigantic trusts ever conceived is gradually unfolding. This latest trust has for its object the control of the banking of America. The phenominal growth and expansion of the National City bank from an inconspicuous position to the top of the list first attracted the attention of financiers. They sought for a cause and found it in the combination of Standard oil, sugar, and Morgan.

A battle for their very existence confronted them, for with deposits of over $100,000,000 such bank was an ever-present threat. An application will be made very soon for an injunction to restrain the officials of the United States bank from delivering any of their assets, stocks, bonds, or securities to the National City bank. By this means the triumvirate took a second step in their attempt to effect the combine. The injunction may check them.

DIE IN A RAILWAY TUNNEL.

Fumes of Grand Trunk Locomotive Prove Fatal to Three.

Port Huron, Mich., Nov. 29.—Asphyxiation caused the death of three men in the Grand Trunk railway tunnel. The dead are: Henry J. Courtney, engineer of tunnel engine; Arthur Dunn, conductor; John Dalton, brakeman.

A train, which was being hauled through to the Canadian side, broke in two. The engine backed down to get the detached portion of the train, but for hours nothing was heard of the crew. Finally a searching party found the bodies and also rescued William Dunn, the fireman, and William Potter, a brakeman, in an unconscious condition. Three members of the searching party were also overcome, but were later rescued by their party. The tunnel was filled with the hard coal used by the locomotive.

Thug Fatally Shoots a Policeman.

Seattle, Wash., Nov. 29.—A sensational shooting occurred here, resulting in the death of Policeman James Wells and the serious wounding of Charles Phillips. Phillips, who was recently released from the New Westminster jail, was arrested by Wells on the charge of burglary. On reaching the city jail Phillips drew his pistol and shot Wells through the body. He then broke across the street and fired a second shot with fatal results at Wells, who staggered to his feet and was in the act of taking a shot at Phillips. Phillips was finally captured after he had been shot through the arm and leg.

Carr Chained to the Wall.

Liberty, Mo., Nov. 29.—William Carr, condemned to die Dec. 17 for the murder of his child, and who swallowed glass with the intention of taking his life, appears all right now. The physicians say, however, that a day or two may pass before the effects of the glass may be noticed. Unless Carr is a "human ostrich" his effort to take his life may yet prove successful. The officers decided that they would chain Carr to the wall and Deputy Sheriff Cave went to the jail with a blacksmith and put a chain to Carr's ankle. Carr laid on his bunk smoking while the chain was fastened to him.

To Break the Combine.

Detroit, Nov. 29.—Governor Pingree's object in getting possession of a Venezuelan asphalt lake is now asserted to be for the purpose of breaking the asphalt combine so that municipal ownership of asphalt paving plants may be assured, and to permit laying of asphalt pavements by local contractors instead of allowing the combine to monopolize the business. The governor does not yet admit his connection with the asphalt business, but in an interview he declared that asphalt is the coming pavement. Within seven years nothing else will be laid in this country.

New German Ambassador.

Washington, Nov. 29.—The Baron von Holleben, the recently appointed German ambassador, presented his credentials to President McKinley, qualifying as the diplomatic representative of Germany at Washington. The ambassador wore the uniform of his rank and his decorations. He was accompanied to the White House by Secretary Sherman and the reception was held in the blue parlor. The speeches by the ambassador and the president were of the usual formal complimentary character.

Sentenced to Five Years.

New York, Nov. 29.—William C. Woodward, alias "Big Hawley," who last week was convicted of attempted blackmail on Samuel W. Bridgham, was sentenced to five years' imprisonment. "Big Hawley" was known principally under the alias of Hon. Lionel Musgrave. He has been unfavorably known in almost every country on the earth and probably is the most acute card sharper living.

Been Married Eighty Years.

Niles, Mich., Nov. 29.—Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Hiller of Elkton, Mich., on Sunday celebrated their eighty-eighth wedding anniversary. The husband is 108 years old and the wife 107. The former is quite hale and hearty, but the wife has lost her sight.

LASHED BY A TEMPEST

Britain's Coasts Are Strewn with the Victims of the Raging Ocean.

SHIPS OVERWHELMED BY THE SEA

Go Down with Their Human Freight All Around the Island—High Tides Flood the Land and Do Immense Damage to All Kinds of Property—Hundreds Have Probably Found an Ocean Grave—Some Details of the Devastation.

London, Nov. 30.—The latest reports from various points along the coast show that the gale which swept English waters Sunday and Sunday night, and which had not abated its fury up to noon yesterday, was one of the worst storms of recent years. In many places it was almost cyclonic in its violence and the long list of disasters includes a large loss of life, many wrecks of large vessels and the loss of scores, if not hundreds, of smaller craft, with serious damage to property ashore at many important towns. In the north the wind was accompanied by blinding snow and hail that hid the lights and immensely increased the difficulties of navigation. Many ships are known to have foundered, in many cases, it is feared, with all on board. Scarcely a town on the coast has escaped without more or less injury, falling walls and flying debris adding to the loss of life.

Five Vessels and Crews Go Down.

There have been rocket and lifeboat rescues almost without number. Stories of thrilling escapes come from all points. On the Norfolk coast between Bacton and Happisburg five vessels as yet unidentified went down, and the crews of all perished. A number of bodies have been washed ashore near Yarmouth. The brig Rugby was wrecked off Hemsby. The coast guard service made desperate efforts to save the crew and succeeded in getting a line on board. A dying woman was "rocketed" in safety, and then the brig capsized, all the rest of the ship's company perishing. A large steam collier dashed upon Flamborough Head, the famous promontory on the North sea coast, floated off and then foundered with all on board. A steamer not yet identified was wrecked on Bridlington sands with her entire company.

High Tides Flood the Land.

Sunday evening the steamer Ross, of Devon, Captain Davis, went on the rocks near Redruth, Cornwall, where she pounded all night long, the crew of twelve perishing. Yesterday morning the bodies of the captain and five seamen, all wearing life belts, were washed ashore. Phenomenally high tides are reported in many localities. The district near the mouth of the Thames has suffered severely, several townships being partly submerged. The Sheerness dockyard and the Woolwich arsenal were inundated.

FLOOD INVADES THE ARSENAL.

Soldiers to the Rescue of Ammunition Depot's Boom on Goodwin Sands.

At Liverpool the squalls blew off the roofs of several houses, threw down chimneys and tore up trees. The Mersey flooded its banks on the Chester side and deluged the shore district for miles. Similar disasters occurred at Holyhead, where a number of valuable yachts were sunk at their moorings. Scarcely a vestige remains of the wreck of Lord Nelson's old flagship, the Foudroyant, long fast in the sands off Blackpool. The scenes at such popular resorts as Yarmouth and Margate were of great grandeur, but the damage done was enormous. Tremendous seas still invade the gardens of the hotels and residences, wrecking the parades and buildings, while much debris is floating about.

Immense damage has been done to the government property at the Sheerness dock yard and the Woolwich arsenal. Seven thousand troops were hurriedly ordered out yesterday to remove thousands of pounds worth of ammunition and stores from the wharves and sheds to places of safety. The tide continued to rise and invaded almost all its workshops, quenched the engine fires and stopped the electric lights. The workmen were obliged to go home, wading knee deep. Despite all the precautions damage to the amount of many thousands of pounds has been done. At Sheerness and Queensboro, two miles away, hundreds of acres have been submerged, scores of cellars flooded and 200 yards of the Sheerness pier have been swept away.

The boom of distress from Goodwin sands has been almost continuous. Below London bridge the low lying houses and cellars are flooded and all work is temporarily suspended along the Thames even as high as Charing Cross. The continual rising of the river is looked upon as ominous, though as yet no damage has been done above London bridge. Six vessels were wrecked between Yarmouth and Bacton, only a few miles apart on the Norfolk coast, and twenty-five lives lost.

South Carolina Libeled by a Faker.

Wilmington, N. C., Nov. 29.—The report that Nathan Willis, colored, the murderer of a young white man named Stephens, was lynched by burning was not correct. It was published by both morning papers here in good faith, being furnished as a special telegram from Southport. Willis is safely lodged in the Horry (S. C.) county jail at Conway.

Official Vote of Kentucky.

Frankfort, Ky., Nov. 30.—The official count for Kentucky was made yesterday. The totals for 1896 were: McKinley, 218,171; Bryan, 217,000; Palmer and Buckner, 5,114. The totals for this year are: Bailey, Rep., 169,678; Shackelford, Dem., 187,482; Hindman, gold Dem., 9,583; Parker, Pop., 7,374; Wallace, Pro., 1,783.

Printers Arrested in Cuba.

Havana, Nov. 30.—The foreman, machinist and the compositors of the printing office of El Comercio have been arrested for trying to publish clandestinely an editorial of El Correo, of Madrid, the publication or circulation of which had been prohibited.

Republican Nominated at Boston.

Boston, Nov. 30.—The Republican convention last night unanimously nominated Edwin M. Curtis for mayor.

ESCANABA DOCKS ON FIRE.

Two of a Schooner's Crew Lost and Property Worth $350,000 in Ashes.

Escanaba, Mich., Nov. 30.—Late last night a fire broke out on the steamer Nahanta, and before it could be controlled it spread to the ore docks, the largest in the world. Two of the crew of the steamer are known to be lost and several others are injured. The steamer was lying at the dock loading ore and was only partially loaded. From the steamer the fire spread to dock No. 4, which was partly loaded with ore and lumber. The lumber was soon a mass of flames and from this it spread to the next dock. At midnight two docks were on fire and tremendous efforts were being made to save the other two which comprise the group. At 1:30 a. m. the fire had not been controlled. The loss will probably reach $350,000.

FROM CHICAGO TO THE SEA.

Railway That Will Carry a Great Portion of the Products of the West.

Findlay, O., Nov. 30.—John Jacob Astor and other directors of the Findlay, Fort Wayne and Western railway held a meeting here yesterday afternoon. The supposed object is to consider the matter of the extension of this line eastward from Findlay. Vice President Harahan, together with other Illinois Central officials, were also in attendance at the meeting. A survey has been made for an extension of the Findlay, Fort Wayne and Western road from its present western terminus at Fort Wayne to a junction with the Illinois Central twenty-five miles south of Chicago.

When this is accomplished the Findlay, Fort Wayne and Western will become a great trunk railroad over whose tracks will pass a large portion of the products of the great west on their way to the seaboard. It is believed that the road will become the eastern outlet for an immense system of the Illinois Central railroad. A survey of a line from Fort Wayne to Kankakee, Ills., has been made, forming a line east and west. From one terminus to the other the line will be as straight as the crow flies and the grade will be confined to fifteen feet to the mile, making it the straighest and levelist railroad in the country.

Financial Situation as It Appears.

Washington, Nov. 30.—The treasury deficit for the fiscal year stands at $46,651,120, the receipts having been $127,701,160 and the expenditures $174,282,280. The receipts from customs so far this fiscal year undoubtedly will fall considerably short of the estimates made by the managers of the new tariff bill during its pendency in congress. At that time it was estimated that customs would yield about $150,000,000 during the first year. The indications now are said to be that the receipts from this source will not aggregate more than $165,000,000.

Bishop's House Is Church Property.

Milwaukee, Nov. 30.—Archbishop Katzer won a victory over the municipality in his suit against the city of Milwaukee and City Treasurer Milbrath to have the [illegible] against his official residence declared illegal. Judge Fish, of Racine, who occupied the bench in place of Judge Johnson, decided that the city had no right to tax the diocesan residence, because, notwithstanding it was listed in the bishop's name, he only held it in trust for the church.

Unearthing of a Prehistoric Village.

Portsmouth, O., Nov. 30.—For years freshets in the Ohio river have washed away the "Blue Banks" near here between Lawson's Run and Munn's Run, and revealed human skeletons. Yesterday an examination of a fresh caving away of the banks disclosed two perfect chimneys, with hearthstones on which were wood ashes. It is no doubt the remains of a prehistoric village.

Belleville Strike Continues.

St. Louis, Nov. 30.—After being in session all day the delegates to the convention of the Belleville district miners voted to inform the arbitration committee of the St. Louis Manufacturers' association that they had nothing to arbitrate and the strike would still continue.

Dr. Starch Is Vindicated.

Niles, Mich., Nov. 30. — Dr. L. F. Starch, village president of Allegan, who was arrested charged with stealing $2,000 worth of goods from E. T. Van Ostrand's drug store, was acquitted and completely exonerated at his trial.

The Weather We May Expect.

Washington, Nov. 30.—Following are the weather indications for twenty-four hours from 8 p. m. yesterday: For Indiana and Illinois—Fair, warmer weather; northerly winds, becoming variable. For Michigan and Wisconsin—Fair, warmer weather; light variable winds. For Iowa—Fair weather; variable winds.

THE MARKETS.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

Chicago Nov. 29.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—December, opened 97½c, closed 96¾c; January, opened 92¼c, closed 91¼c; May, opened 91¾c, closed 90¾c. Corn—December, opened 25⅞c, closed 25½c; May, opened 29¼c, closed 29¼c. Oats—December, opened, 20½c, closed 20¾c; May, opened 22c, closed 21⅞c. Pork—December, opened $7.27½, closed $7.22½; January, $4.22½, closed $8.17½; May, opened $8.45, closed $8.42½. Lard—December, opened $4.12½, closed $4.10; January, opened $4.25, closed $4.22½c.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 21c per lb; extra dairy, 19c; fresh packing stock, 11@12c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 18c per dozen. Dressed Poultry—Turkeys, 9@10c per lb; chickens, 6½@7c; ducks, 7@7½c. Potatoes—Northwestern, 45@53 per bu. Sweet Potatoes—Jerseys, $4.00@4.25 per bbl.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, Nov. 29.

Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 40,000; sales ranged at $3.00@3.50 for pigs, $3.35@3.55 for light, $3.20@3.35 for rough packing $3.30@3.60 for mixed and $3.35@3.60 heavy packing and shipping lots. Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 16,000; quotations ranged at $5.00@5.45 for choice to extra shipping steers, $4.50@5.00 good to choice do., $4.30@4.85 fair to good, $4.00@4.40 common to medium do., $3.70@4.20 butchers' steers, $3.15@4.00 stockers, $3.70@4.40 feeders, $1.70@3.80 cows, $2.60@4.80 heifers, $2.25@4.00 bulls oxen and stags, $2.90@4.00 Texas steers, $3.30@4.35 western rangers, and $3.50@6.60 veals calves. Sheep and Lambs—Estimated receipts for the day, 15,000; quotations ranged at $3.60@4.75 westerns, $3.10@4.90 natives and $4.25@5.85 lambs.

Milwaukee Grain.

Milwaukee, Nov. 29.

Wheat—Weak; No. 1 northern, 90c; No. 2 spring, 87c; May, 90¾c. Corn—Steady; No. 3, 26½c. Oats—Weak; No. 2, 22c; sample, 23@30c.

A NECKLACE OF PEARLS

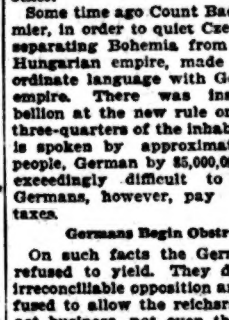
Is a beautiful possession. If a woman owns one, and if a single pearl drops off the string, she makes haste to find and restore it.

Good health is a more valuable possession than a necklace of the most beautiful pearls, yet one by one the jewels of health slip away, and women seem indifferent until it is almost too late, and they cannot be restored.

To die before you are really old is to suffer premature death, and that is a sin. It is a sin because it is the result of repeated violations of nature's laws.

Pain, lassitude and weariness, inability to sleep, dreadful dreams, starting violently from sleep, are all symptoms of nerve trouble.

You cannot have nerve trouble and keep your health. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the womb, the ovaries and the bladder are affected. They are not vital organs, hence they give out soonest.



Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, by building up the nerves and restoring woman's organism to its natural state, relieves all these troublesome uterine symptoms. In confirmation of this we, by permission, refer to the following women, all of whom speak from experience: Miss Celia Van Horn, 1913 Sharswood St., Philadelphia, Pa.; Miss Grace Collord, 1434 Eastern Ave., Cincinnati, O.; Mrs. Newell, 50 Ryerson St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Isabel Oberg, 220 Chestnut St., Woburn, Mass., Mrs. A. H. Cole, New Rochelle, N. Y., and many others

For special symptoms Mrs. Pinkham has prepared a Sanative Wash, which will cure local troubles. Give these medicines a trial.

Write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., if you are not quite satisfied; you can address private questions to a woman.

BADENI'S SUCCESSOR.

Baron Gautsch Is to Form a New Cabinet.

CAUSE OF STRIFE IN AUSTRIA.

Struggle for Race Supremacy Between the Czech and Germans in the Empire—Austria on the Brink of a Revolution and Only the Retirement of Badeni Prevented an Outbreak—Mark Twain Describes the Uproar in the Unterhaus.

Vienna, Nov. 29.—Baron Gautsch, who has undertaken the formation of a provisional ministry to take the place of the fallen Badeni cabinet, which has resigned, will probably succeed in his endeavors. He is of German nationality, moderate and a conciliatory politician, fairly well liked by all parties.

His advent will, in all probability, cause a cessation of the extraordinary scenes of rowdyism which have marked the sessions of the reichsrath during the last eight weeks. These proceedings, unparalleled in violence in the history of parliamentary government, owe their origin to a race struggle.

A Race Fight for Supremacy.

Germans and Czechs are each striving for supremacy. It is an ancient feud, the solution of which practically means the wiping out of one race or the other.

Some time ago Count Badeni, the premier, in order to quiet Czech threats of separating Bohemia from the Austro-Hungarian empire, made Czech a coordinate language with German in the empire. There was instantly a rebellion at the new rule on the part of three-quarters of the inhabitants. Czech is spoken by approximately 6,000,000 people, German by $5,000,000. Czech is exceedingly difficult to learn. The Germans, however, pay most of the taxes.

Germans Begin Obstructions.

On such facts the German deputies refused to yield. They declared their irreconcilable opposition and utterly refused to allow the reichsrath to transact business, not even the renewal of the Austro-Hungarian compact, which expires Jan. 1. On the other hand, the Czechs threatened to set up a separate kingdom in Bohemia if the Czech language was rescinded.

Between these two absolutely weldless elements Badeni was tossed. Although having the confidence of Emperor Francis Joseph, he could not restore harmony, and his resignation has been expected for some time. All Saturday and Sunday Vienna was on the brink of a revolution, and only Badeni's withdrawal relieved the tension.

TUMULT IN THE UNTERHAUS.

Mark Twain Saw the Circus and Gives a Description.

New York, Nov. 29.—Mark Twain cables as follows from Vienna:

"In the Austrian house of deputies on Thanksgiving Day, in the midst of a deafening tumult, I saw a motion read which nobody heard and passed by nobody knows whom—for, indeed, it was not passed at all. It was aimed at the obstructionists and placed autocratic powers in the hands of the president of the parliament. This was a victory for the government, but was unlawfully won and was a simple usurpation. Naturally Saturday's session would be historical. I went early, arriving when the house was empty. In half an hour two or three hundred members were present on the floor and the galleries were packed. I was in a gallery exactly opposite the president's tribune and had a perfect view.

"There was not much noise then, but the atmosphere was charged with suspense and expectancy. All the vast house was holding its breath. A long wait, then a stir, a craning of necks, and by a door far to the right the president and vice president entered. The house rose and a hurricane of insults and execrations burst from the opposition and blew them to their places. The right answered back, and both sides roared and shouted and stormed. Two dozen socialists stood in a body below the ministerial desks, shouted up at the president and shook their fists furiously at him. He addressed some words to the house—at least one could see his lips move, and he spread his large hand deprecatingly over his breast. If he is a tyrant he has some beseeching, persuasive gestures not seen elsewhere, but among the angels. That holy gesture seemed to madden the group of socialists.

"All at once they plunged over the barriers and up through the ministerial desks and benches. One in a red cravat reached up and snatched the president's papers. Another seized his bell. In a moment they were fighting and struggling with uniformed servants of the house, who ejected them. At the same time others of their group stormed up the side of the tribune, drove out the president and the vice presidents and followed them across the floor, hammering the latter with their fists. But I saw no blow actually reach the president. The socialists came back, occupied the president's tribune and held it like a fort. The man in the red cravat gathered up an armful of the president's papers and threw them over the front in a sort of a snowstorm. Meantime the whole house was howling, yelling and banging on the desks. A South African thunderstorm is solid silence compared to it.

"'Rascals;' 'Scoundrels;' those and less delicate epithets filled the air. All of a sudden that distant door opened and down the floor of the brilliant and superb chamber came drifting the spectacle and flash of sixty spiked helmets. It was the most thrilling theatrical surprise I ever saw. I would not have missed it for the succession to the throne. Moreover, it was history and belongs among the world's memorable days. This force was received with a tempest of execrations from the one party and with victory notes from the other; yet, it was a heavy defeat for all concerned. The handsome officer in command cared nothing for the reception. He went up into the tribune and requested the socialist garrison to retire. They declined. Then he stepped aside and his men pulled, hauled and dragged the fighting, struggling garrison down from their fort and out of the door—and the amazing drama was finished."

DR. GODDARD AGAIN ON TRIAL.

Much Interest Shown in the Murder Case at Kansas City.

Kansas City, Nov. 29.—The second trial of Dr. Jefferson Goddard for murdering Laundryman Jackson began in the criminal court here. The courtroom was crowded and added interest was shown because of the sensational charges of jury-bribing made since the first trial.

The case is one of the most sensational ever tried in Jackson county. A singular feature is the siding with the murderer of Jackson's wife and two daughters. Prosecutor Lowe has alleged that he possesses evidence against several known to be guilty of attempted jury-bribing, and that he will push the cases against them. Now comes the statement from a well authenticated source that Hrs. Jackson, who up to this time has aided in the defense of her husband's slayer, will in the present trial be placed on the stand by the prosecution.

Thinks He Committed the Crime.

Oconomowoc, Wis., Nov. 29.—The mystery which had shrouded the murder of the two children of Earnest Cornell and the cutting of Cornell's throat some ten days ago has been at last cleared up. To the coroner's jury Cornell made a confession that, to the best of his recollection and belief, he killed his two children and tried to kill himself. This announcement came as a great surprise to the officials, who preferred charges against Cornell's wife and John Lewis, the horse skinner, and had them incarcerated in the county jail at Waukesha on account of the killing.

Horse Brings $8,000.

Lexington, Ky., Nov. 29.—At the horse sales the yearling thoroughbred by Rayon D'Or, out of the famous race mare Sallie McClelland, sold for $8,000 to J. D. Smith. Hon. William C. Whitney was a contending bidder.

Jockey Washburn Dead.

St. Paul, Nov. 29.—A Vermillion, S. D., special says: Leslie Washburn of this place is dead of consumption. He was a jockey of national reputation and also known in Venezuela, where he rode last year.

An English Bull.

John Bull occasionally perpetrates a bull that is quite as "bully" as an Irish bull. According to Law Notes of England, an English judge in sentencing a prisoner recently said: "Are you aware that for these repeated breaches of the law it is in my power to sentence you to a term of penal servitude far exceeding your natural life? And, what is more, I feel very much inclined to do it."

Everybody Says So.

Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the most wonderful medical discovery of the age, pleasant and refreshing to the taste, act gently and positively on kidneys, liver and bowels, cleansing the entire system, dispel colds, cure headache, fever, habitual constipation and billiousness. Please buy and try a box of C. C. C. to-day; 10, 25, 50 cents. Sold and guaranteed to cure by all druggists.

TRUMPETER FRED.

By Captain CHARLES KING, U. S. A.

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[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER VII.

TELEGRAPHIC DISPATCHES.

Bad news travels fast. Captain Charlton at Fort Laramie was stunned by the tidings flashed to him by telegraph from Red Cloud. Despite the weight of damaging evidence, he could not bring himself to believe that Fred Waller was a thief, but he was sore at heart when he thought of the misery and sorrow the news must bring to the dear ones at his army home, where all to the proud old sergeant, whose life seemed almost bound up in the boy.

Well knowing that it could only be a day or two before the story would make its way to the posts along the railroad and would reach Sanders, doubtless in a more exaggerated form, the captain decided to warn his wife at once, and by the stage leaving that very night a letter went in to Cheyenne, and thence by train over the great "divide" of the Rockies to Fort Sanders, giving to Mrs. Charlton all particulars thus far received, but charging her to say nothing until further tidings.

"I cannot believe it," wrote he, "and am going at once to join the troop and make full investigation. Meantime I have written by the same mail to Major Edwards, who commands at Sidney barracks, to make every effort to trace the boy should he have come south of the Platte, and you must be sure to see, when the news reaches Sanders, that the sergeant is assured of my disbelief in the whole story, and of my determination that Fred shall have justice done him. It will be several days before you can hear from me again."

And the news reached Sanders, as he feared, all too soon. Telegraph offices "leaked" on the frontier in those days. The operators at the military stations were all enlisted men, who were not bound by the regulations of the Western Union, and who could not keep to themselves every item of personal interest. The Sidney office wired mysterious inquiries to Sanders; Sanders inquired as to the meaning of what it meant, and presently Laramie, Sanders, Sidney, Russell, Red Cloud and even Cheyenne were clicking away in confidential discussion over the extraordinary theft and flight. And Mrs. Charlton's letter came none too early to save old Waller from despair. It was a woman, a gabbling loudmouth, who first told him of the rumor, and Mrs. Charlton saw him hastening to the telegraph office just as she had finished reading the letter.

"Mr. Nelson, quick!" she called to a young officer just passing the gate. "Stop Sergeant Waller at once. Don't let him go to the office. Make him come here to me. He will hear and obey you."

And Mr. Nelson touched his cap, leaped lightly across the sosquin, and his powerful young voice was heard thundering "Sergeant Waller!" in peremptory tones across the parade. "Sergeant Waller!" echoed a half dozen voices as the loungers on barrack porches took up the cry, "Lieutenant Nelson wants you!" And the soldier instinct prevailed. The old man turned and hastened toward the officers' quarters.

"What is it, Mrs. Charlton?" asked Nelson. "Has there been another fight? Is Fred killed? It will break the old man's heart."

"Oh, Mr. Nelson, I can't tell you about it yet!" she almost wailed.

"Stop Sergeant Waller at once," she called.

"There's bad news, and I'm afraid the old man has heard it. Stay here near me a moment, can you? Oh, look at his face, look at his face! He has heard."

White, livid, trembling from head to foot, the old soldier hurried toward the young officer and dumbly raised his hand in the mechanical salute.

"It is Mrs. Charlton who wants you, sergeant," said Mr. Nelson kindly. "Go to her." And without a word the veteran passed in at the gate.

She held forth her hand, her eyes brimming with tears. Instinctively he bared his head and respect and reverence for "captain's lady" checking the wild torrent of grief and anxiety, but she sought him by the arm and led him, wondering and submissive, yet overwhelmed with cruel dread, into her cool and darkened parlor. There, with wild, imploring eyes, the old man half stretched forth two palsied hands, his forage cap falling unheeded to the floor, his whole frame shaking.

"Don't give way, sergeant, don't believe it!" she cried, and at her first words a look as of horror came into the stricken old face, and the hands clasped together in piteous appeal. "Listen to what the captain says. His letter has just come, and I was sure when I saw you that some one had told you the rumor. Captain Charlton will not believe a word of it. He was at Cantonment on court martial or it would not have happened. He has hurried back to Red Cloud to investigate, and he declares that Fred shall have justice done him. I'll never believe it—never! Why, we would trust him with anything we owned."

"—I thank the captain. I thank Mrs. Charlton," he brokenly replied. "It's stunned like I am." His raised his hands and caressed them against his eyes, and one of them was lowered suddenly, feebly groping for support. She took his arm and strove to lead him to a sofa. "You must sit down, sergeant," she said.

"No, ma'am, no," he protested, straightening himself with a violent effort. "Now, may I hear what it is they say against my boy, ma'am? I want every word. Don't be afraid, ma'am; I can bear it."

Then, with infinite sympathy and pity, she told him, softening every detail, suggesting an explanation for every circumstance that pointed to his guilt, and all the time the old man stood there, his eyes, filled with dumb anguish, fixed upon her face, his hands clasped together as though in entreaty, his fingers twitching nervously. At every new and damaging detail, confidence or explain it though she would, he shuddered as though smitten with a sharp, palsying pain, but when it came to Fred's midnight disappearance—horse, arms and all—in the heart of this Indian country, stealing away from his comrades in the shadow of disgrace and crime, the old man groaned aloud and buried his face in his hands. Some time he stood there, recling, and desiring her efforts to draw him to a seat. She pleaded with him hurriedly, impulsively, yet he made no move to go. At last, with one long, shivering sigh, he suddenly straightened up and faced her. His hands fell by his sides. He cleared his throat and strove to speak.

"You've been good to me, ma'am—so good to me and to the troop, and for a moment could not go on—" and to my boy"—at last he finished, with impulsive energy, and his voice rang, but sometimes tempted. I know how, more than once, the little fellow would be led away into the rough of the troop, just to worry me, but he never hid a thing from me, ma'am, never, and if he's in trouble now it's not to him, but the whole truth, even if it broke us both down. I'll not believe it till I see him, ma'am. But I want you—I must go until I find my boy."

Blinded with tears, Mrs. Charlton could hardly see the swaying, grief bowed old soldier as he left the house, but Nelson was waiting close at hand and caught forward and led him to the sergeant's side.

"I don't know what the trouble is," he said, "but I'm going as far as the headquarters with you, and if there is anything on earth I can do to help you do tell me. I'm with you."

That night, with a week's furlough and a letter from his post commander to Major Edwards at Sidney, old Sergeant Waller was jolting eastward in the caboose of a freight train.

CHAPTER VIII.

LOYAL FRIENDS.

It was on Friday morning at daybreak that the desertion of Trumpeter Waller was reported to Lieutenant Blunt. It was Friday night before the telegrams were sent to Laramie and that Charlton's letter left by stage. It was Saturday afternoon just before the parade that the mail was distributed at Fort Sanders, and that very evening, before Major Edwards had received and had time to read his letter from the west, the sergeant had started on his long and fatiguing journey. All night long in sleepless misery he sat in a corner of the caboose, occasionally rising and tramping unsteadily to and fro. At Cheyenne a delay of half an hour occurred, and he left the train and paced restlessly up and down the platform under the freight sheds. He dared not go down to the lighted offices and the crowded passenger station just below him. It seemed as though every one knew of Fred's story by this time. He could see the gleam of forage cap ornaments and the glint of army buttons among the people at the depot and knew there were several officers and soldiers there. Never before had he known what it was to shrink from facing any man on earth, but to-night, though he almost starved for further news from his boy, he could not bring himself to meet them and ask.

Along toward morning, at Pine Bluffs, a herdsman got aboard, and was he glad to say was of startling interest. Hitherto the Indian war parties had kept well to the north of the Platte. "But," said he, "ever since Friday the Sidney road has been swarming with them, both sides of the river, and they are killing everything white they can lay their hands on."

"My God!" thought Waller. "And Fred surely frightened by all he heard, and he was hurrying to Sidney to join a party of cattlemen who were camping and who had been drinking, too, and took more and more as the night wore on and became maudlin in his talk. It was 9 o'clock on Sunday morning when they reached Sidney station, and the first thing that old Waller saw was a strong concord wagon, with a four mule team and an army driver. Two infantry soldiers with their rifles and belts with cartridge belts, were standing close at hand. Two officers were stowing their rifles inside the wagon, and an orderly was strapping the tarpaulin over the light luggage in the "boot." One of the officers the sergeant knew instantly, an aid-de-camp of the commanding general. The other was older in years and bore on his cap the insignia of the staff. The younger officer saw him before he could step into the office, and Sergeant Waller knew it—knew, too, with the quickness of thought, that he had heard of Fred's disappearance and the presumable crime. He could have shrunk from meeting his superiors in the shadow of this bitter sorrow and disgrace. Even while he could not accept the belief that his boy was actually a deserter and a thief, he knew full well what other men must think. But Captain Cross was a cavalryman himself and had known old Waller for years. He dropped his rifle, came straight forward and took him by the hand.

"Sergeant, I don't believe it of your boy. I've known his father too long," was all he said as he pressed the veteran's hand. Poor old Waller, wrung by anguish, long vigil and utter lack of food of any kind, was now so weak that he could only, with the utmost difficulty, choke back the sobs that shook his frame. Speak he dare not. He would have broken down. Cross led him to the lunchroom at the station and made him swallow a cup of coffee, then gently questioned him as to what he knew.

"We go at once to Red Cloud—Colonel Gaines and I—and maybe on the road I shall hear something of him. Sergeant, rest assured your son shall have fair play," said the aid-de-camp as he was about to turn away.

"But, captain—I beg pardon, sir," broke in Waller hurriedly in almost the first words he had spoken. "Will you be your escort? Surely you won't take this route without one?"

"Here are Cooper and Cooper at Sidney, sergeant. We have a couple of infantrymen in the wagon and another on a mule. That's the best we can do, and we've got no time to spare. We must get to Red Cloud tomorrow, and this is the shortest line."

"But, sir, haven't you heard? The Sioux are out in force and all along the road, both above and below the Platte. There's a herder on the train who told us. He got aboard at Pine Bluffs this morning."

"I confidently believe that," answered Cross. "Captain Forrest with the Grays is scouting south of Red Cloud. Captain Wallace was ordered to watch the fords along the Platte on this line. Captain Charlton is out, or at least the whole troop has been, and there are but three more. Surely Major Edwards would know over at the barracks if the Indians were anywhere between us and the river—we'll get an escort from Captain Wallace the other side—but he has not heard a word."

"But I beg the captain to hear what the man says, sir," urged Sergeant Waller. "He's been driving mules and tells the same story practically that he told us when he got aboard. Let me find him, sir."

And find him he did, even more maudlin and thick tongued by this time, and evidently determined to make the most of his dramatic story for the benefit of the two officers and swarm of interested lookers on. His self-importance in inspiring the colonel with mingled incredulity and disgust.

"I don't believe a word of it," he said to Captain Cross. "And we are losing valuable time. We must start at once."

"I don't believe a word of it," he said to Captain Cross.

An hour later this peaceful Sabbath morning the sergeant stood, cap in hand, before Major Edwards on the veranda of his pleasant quarters. Two pretty children were playing with a big, shaggy, lazy staghound, pulling his ears and tormenting him in various ways. A pleasant faced lady came forth, sunshade and prayer book in hand, and at sight of her the little ones reluctantly rose and bade good-by, and smiling to the spruce orderly, who stood respectfully aside to let them pass. Mrs. Edwards glanced quickly and sympathetically into the sergeant's sad face as he stood there before her husband's easy chair. She knew well what ill had meant, but there was nothing for her to say. Small parties of infantry officers and of ladies and children climbed them on the way to the humble wooden sanctuary; the soft notes of the bugle were sounding church calls; and the gentle breeze from the southern plains stirred the folds of the big flag; the sunshine was joyous and brilliant, and all spoke of peace, order and contentment. Yet there stood Waller with almost bursting heart, and presently only a few miles across the grassy ridge to the north, rode that little party of officers and men to almost certain death.

The major looked up as he finished reading the letter placed in his hands.

"I have no words to tell you of my sympathy and sorrow, sergeant. Of course you know my plain duty in the matter. The sheriff has been notified, and two of his deputies already have gone out to search. He would hardly be mad enough to come anywhere near us if guilty. But if he is taken he will be held here under my charge, and I will see that you have every proper opportunity of visiting him. The adjutant tells me you had heard something of the Indians being south of the Platte. What was it?"

"A man who boarded our train at the Bluffs, sir. He claimed to have had to ride hard for his life yesterday afternoon, and that there were scores of the Sioux this side of the river. I took him to Colonel Gaines and Captain Cross, sir, but the man had been drinking so much that they distrusted him entirely. They left the station before I started for the barracks, sir."

The major sat thoughtfully gazing out across the parade a moment, then answered:

"We have had no rumors of anything of the kind, and there would be almost sure to come this way to us if any one heard of such stories. There are no settlers along the road for leaving the springs out here until you reach the Platte. I can hardly believe it, but we'll see what can be got from the man when he sobers up. Now the sergeant major will go with you to the quarters, and I will see you later in the day."

But later in the day that promise was forgotten in an excitement of far greater magnitude.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The First Cabs.

Like the buses, cabs were introduced from Paris, where, in the years earlier, or, say, about 1830. Although its type was not at all settled, the cabriolet was the first vehicle, a two wheeler, quite above its axle, and therefore very high and difficult to get into. It was only intended for one person, though two slim ones who did not mind squeezing could generally manage to find room. The driver sat on a little shelf or perch on the right hand side, quite outside the body of the machine. This was an English innovation. In Paris driver and fare shared the same seat, and this was continued here for private cabriolets.

The ingenious Mr. Joseph Hansom, who was an architect of Hinckley, Leicestershire, however, bethought him in 1834 that the next large wheels and suspended the body of the cab between them, the vehicle would hold two easily, or three at a pinch, would balance better, be easier to draw, and safer if the horse fell. Further improved by putting the driver behind and the axle under the seat, the invention soon made its way, and by the fifties the hansom was as much a favorite cab of London as it is today. The original patent is dated Dec. 26, 1834. — Gentleman's Magazine.

The Limit.

"You are a nice little boy," said the kindly old gentleman at the hotel.

"Thank you," said Tommie.

"Have you any little brothers?"

"Yes," said Tommie, "I've got brothers to burn, but I'm rather short on papas. We've only got one."—Harper's Bazar.

American Forests Disappearing.

A statistician computes that in 50 years' time there will not be a single tree in this country. Each year it takes 500,000 acres of timber to supply sleepers for the railways.

Shrinkabling.

He (cautiously)—If I should propose, would you say "Yes?"

She (more cautiously)—If you know I would say "Yes," would you propose?—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

There is an extensive trade carried on between Great Britain and Belgium in old, worn out horses, which are shipped in a most pitiful condition to Antwerp and Ghent from English ports.

Food Caused Pain

Catarrh of the Stomach Cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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CHICAGO, DECEMBER 4, 1897.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and LaSalle-sts.—Sol Smith Russell.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—The Bostonians.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—Lillian Russell and Della Fox.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"The Girl from Paris."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"The Isle of Champagne."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Vaudeville.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st, between Halsted and Union—Vaudeville.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—"What Great Britain tramples on in Ireland will rise to sting her in America."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

SQUELCH THE TRAITORS' TREATY.

The Irish National Alliance has issued a manifesto against the proposed renewal of the Anglo-American arbitration [illegible]ions at Washington. This movement, and one that deserves the best consideration of our race. In fact it demands their earnest action. They should, at every public meeting held by them, pass strong resolutions against the contemplated infamy, and call the attention of their senators to their action. From the first, THE CHICAGO CITIZEN has maintained an active warfare against the Traitors' Treaty, and it is now glad to see the Irish-American press, from Boston to San Francisco, vehemently opposing it. Our twenty millions of people in the United States must make themselves felt. We must not allow ourselves to be walked over by the English and their miserable allies in this country. We must be constantly on guard to protect the dignity and independence of this great land of our pride and love. We must never be degraded to the condition of a British dependency by a weak executive and a section of the people demoralized by commercial selfishness—which effectually kills the spirit of national distinctiveness and noble patriotism—and who would accept, we much fear, peace with dishonor rather than lose a drop of blood or a dollar in a war for the nation's defense and dignity. The United States is honeycombed with traitors, religious, political, social and journalistic, in the English interest. They are bold and barefaced. They dare to ignore the facts of history.

One Episcopal Bishop, in the State of New York, has suggested that all reference to our Revolutionary history be stricken from our public school books! The mitred miscreant would have been "tarred, feathered and ridden on a rail" out of the country by the Americans who threw the tea into the bay at Boston and who conquered at Yorktown. He would have fared no better at the hands of the men who triumphed with Andrew Jackson at New Orleans. Talk of the treason of Jefferson Davis and Bob Toombs! Why it was fiery patriotism when contrasted with the ruffianly Anglicism of Bishop Doane, of the Episcopal Diocese of Albany, N. Y. And he is not alone in his infamous position. The pulpits and editorial rooms of the contry are heavily garrisoned by just such characters—much more English than American. They must be taught a lasting lesson. England relies on her money bags and on Anglo-American flunkeyism. There are also Irish-American flunkeys, but, thank Heaven, they are a contemptible minority, hardly worthy of notice. We hope that, in this new fight over the treaty, certain leading prelates of the Catholic church, who were silent during the former struggle, when interviewed on the subject, will not hesitate to express their hostility to it—especially as a majority of the Anglican Bishops of America declared themselves on the other side.

The time has come for plain speaking and writing. This fresh attempt to fasten English chains on the diplomacy of the United States must be crushed at any cost. It must be vehemently agitated against. Any administration or political party favorable to the Anglo-American arbitration treaty must be given to understand now and forever that it will be buried beyond resurrection if it plays into the hands of England. Irish-Americans have the votes, and they know how to use their power. They refuse, after having escaped from the shadow of the felon flag of England, to come under it again. The Irish National Alliance is right. Let us all stand by its action, and cry, unanimously, "God save America! Down with the modern Norths and Arnolds!"

THE MANIFEST DESTINY OF RUSSIA.

In view of the interest which now centres around Afghanistan and its neighborhood, and of the more than probable interest Russia is taking in the Afridi outbreak, we present to our readers an apt article published some time ago. We commend it to their careful consideration. Every studious Nationalist should keep thoroughly "posted" on the Russian advance to the Himalayas, as the day cannot be far distant when our old enemy must meet the forces of the Czar in deadly conflict for the possession of India. Following is the article alluded to:

"To the late William H. Seward is ascribed the first use of the phrase 'manifest destiny,' as a concrete expression of the optimistic belief in a great national future which characterizes the United States. This faith we share with Russia, that semi-Asiatic, semi-European state, whose phenomenal development has, with our own contemporary progress, furnished the chief factor in the modern readjustments of the balance of power. It is this common faith in a great destiny which unites these two nations, representing such seemingly diverse political systems, in those sympathetic relations whose existence so puzzles European observers. During our Revolutionary war the empire of Peter the Great, with the subsequent acquisitions from Tartary in 1745, was extended over Turkish territory to the Black Sea. During our second war with England there was a further expansion, taking in the remainder of the Turkish territory lying between the Black Sea and the Caspian, and by subsequent additions the Russian authority has been extended over that vast region lying between the Caspian on the west and the frontiers of China on the east, the Jaxartes and the Aral Sea on the north and the frontiers of Persia and Afghanistan on the south. More fortunate than Russia we are under no stress of circumstance compelling us to seek further extension. Our vast and productive territory is open to the commerce of the two great oceans without restriction, other than that self imposed by an unwise system of maritime administration, and we feel no sense of confinement.

"The spirit of the progressive Muscovite is, on the contrary, constantly irritated by the consciousness of restraint. Forbidden to secure the much coveted outlet for commercial enterprise to the south and west, he is expected to content himself with his outlook over frozen waters, or to find his way to the ocean by means of a narrow strait controlled by a foreign power. Here is a situation which a vigorous, ambitious and a growing nation cannot be expected to accept. A coalition of powers may for a time compel unwilling acquiescence, but it is expected that advantage will be taken of their divisions or their embarrassments to accomplish the cherished object of Muscovite desire. Russia may now find herself again made the victim, as she has been before, of the jealousies of her neighbors, but we do not believe that dread of the unsupported opposition of England is sufficient to restrain her action. As 'the stars in their courses fought against Sisera,' so 'the stars in their courses' seem to be fighting with the Czar. The blindness of English diplomacy, the weakness of English army administration, the extension of commerce by the discovery of petroleum on the Caspian, and the opening up of an unexpected route affording easy access to the east; all these are unlooked for aids to the Muscovite's ambition, the significance of which he is prompt to realize.

"England has played into his hands, yielding where she should have been firm, and perhaps too much inclined to insist when she might have better yielded to the inevitable. The result may show that it would have been wiser to readjust the jarring European system upon the basis of a frank acknowledgment of Russian necessities of commercial development. But this no party in commercial England could venture to do, though individual Englishmen have urged this view of the case. Since Beaconsfield's death, England has not had the resolution to face the other alternative. A Hebrew by birth, and Oriental in disposition as well as by descent, Beaconsfield had no Christian sympathies to hamper him, no Sunday school and prayer meeting influences embarrassed his administration of imperial affairs, or in his day muddled English diplomacy, as it has been muddled under his successor; the representative of commercial England, as Beaconsfield was the representative of Aristocratic England. To the Gladstone school of statesmen the Sultan is 'the unspeakable Turk,' when he should be an ally, bound to them by the strongest sympathies of a common interest, in which the prejudices of race are forgotten.

"It is this assertion of English prejudices against which Baker Pasha has strongly warned his countrymen, which gives the British empire so uncertain a hold upon the two races through whom it must deal with Russia—the Turk and the Afghan. It weakens its hold, too, upon the three hundred million Indians whose loyal adherence to its standard would make a mock of Russian menaces; for it is on her ability to create dissensions in the Indian peninsula that Russia is largely counting. Russia's strength lies in the fact that she knows better how to deal with the Asiatics, and has not merely conquered the Turcoman country, but has transformed its fierce nomads into Russian soldiers. It was a Turcoman (a native of Baku) who led her advance column into Merv, and by his thorough knowledge of Asiatic character made good his footing there without a show of resistance. He the Daghestani, Ali Khan, by the simple addition of a Muscovite affix, became the Russian soldier Alikhanoff, now the governor of the Russian province of Merv. The career which has been opened to his ambition and that of other Asiatic soldiers would have been impossible to them under the English system of administration by insular prejudice. Not only has England failed to identify her Eastern subjects with her imperial ambitions, but entrenched behind mountain barriers which existed only in her imagination, she has listened with indifference or distrust to those Englishmen whose travels have made them better acquainted with her actual situation.

Reposing beneath the shadows of the impassable passes of the Hindu Kush, with her eyes directed toward Cabul and the Oxus, she has taken no note of the steady advance of Russia to turn her flank upon the west by way of the Caspian and the desert of Khiva. Suddenly the mountains have seemed to divide, or to sink, like the supposed impassable Parapamisus into low regions of outlying hills with numerous passes. At Sarakhs within six marches of Herat, 'the key of India,' she now beholds 45,000 Russians gathering, and beyond there opens up to her the vista of roadways and waterways over which Russia can concentrate, with a complete control of interior lines, except as this control may be partially disturbed by Turkey permitting the passage of an English fleet into the Black Sea. (The Dardanelles will never again be opened to an English fleet if Russia forbids it. —ED. CITIZEN.)

"We remember how Russia in 1877-8 was able to concentrate her forces around Constantinople; and Krasnovodsk, on the eastern shore of the Caspian, is as near to Moscow as Constantinople, and far easier of access. It is easier to transport thither half a million men, with abundant stores, than it was to put the same number on the march to the Bosphorous several years ago. There is no broad Danube to cross; no jealous Austria to threaten her flank. Not a single river lies across the road to Herat, and but one mountain range, with at least twenty good crossings, according to the Russian surveyor of the railway route. Instead of being obliged to contest her progress, step by step, against an active enemy, her advance will be guarded by 50,000 Turcoman irregulars, conciliated by a wise regard for national and race prejudices. On the Volga, navigable to within a few hours by rail of St. Petersburg, are 650 cargo steamers and 3,000 permanent barges, each of 1,000 tons capacity, with innumerable lesser craft, and 200 temporary barges of from 5,000 to 8,000 tons each, constructed annually to carry cargoes to Nisni Novgorod and to be there broken up.

"The army of the Caucasus, 100,000 strong, on a peace footing, with an equal number in reserve, is concentrated in Transcaucasia through which runs a railroad, connecting Batoum on the Black Sea with Baku on the Caspian. On the latter sea are fifty new and large steamers and hundreds of sailing vessels of great capacity employed in the petroleum trade of Baku, a port which affords pier accommodation for 100 steamers at a time, and provides for a commerce of 7,000 vessels, arriving and departing in each year. One day's journey, across the Caspian, is Michaelvosk, the terminus of the railroad, extending 144 miles to Kazil Arvat, where the Transcaspian desert ends, and the fertile country commences, running up to Herat. 'As to our course of antagonism in Asia,' said Gen. Soboleff in the Russ of January, 1884, 'England herself threw down the gauntlet at Sebastopol, and if the Russian flag now floats over Merv, the English have themselves to blame. We accepted their challenge, and it now rests with them whether there is to be a Russian invasion of India or not. But we hope the time has come when English strategists will take into consideration the 200,000 troops of the Caucasus and the 100,000 in reserve in Turkestan and western Siberia, besides another 500,000 behind in European Russia, and will look on the map and see what may happen if a Russian corps of 200,000 men, accompanied by another 100,000 of splendid regular cavalry, passes through Herat and Balah into India and proclaims the independence of the native population. Let England think well of the consequence of Russia deciding to take up arms against her.' 'Russia wants the Bosphorus,' says the same authority, and this was the statement of the brilliant Skobeleff.

"But the possession of the Bosphorus means the control of a territory in European Turkey as large as Great Britain, and on the opposite side of the channel one as large as Germany, France and Austria combined, with a population of 23,000,000. Others might be content to see Russia falling heir to this rich possession, but to an Englishman, even to an English philanthropist, 'the unspeakable Turk' seems more tolerable, but he must accept the situation, or conclude, sooner or later, that there are some evils less tolerable than war. Russia will temporize if temporizing will best accomplish her object; she will wait, if waiting seems to be a necessity; but yield the object of her dearest hopes and ambitions, never!"

Twelve years have gone by since the above was written, and in that time Russia has made gigantic strides toward the "object of her dearest hopes and ambitions," the conquest of India; although England's gunboats saved Constantinople from Russia in 1878, she (Russia) has ousted England from all the influence she used to possess at the Sublime Porte and now controls the Sultan as absolutely as if her eagles floated over the fortresses of the Dardanelles. The above writer speaks of the bungling diplomacy of Gladstone, but no bungling Plenipo ever began to bungle so absurdly as the bungler-in-chief, Salisbury. Russia has checkmated him in Turkey, in China, in Japan, in short, she has made him the laughing stock of the world; and the Afridi movement may be regarded as one of the feelers which the sagacious Muscovites are throwing out preliminary to the grand movement which has been going on ever since the days of Peter the Great.

TO OUR READERS.

We have to request the indulgence of our friends and subscribers this week, because much editorial and news matter is inevitably crowded out. We will do our unmost to make amends in next week's issue.

DR. JULIUS A. SKILTON.

We exceedingly regret to announce the death of Dr. Julius A. Skilton, ex-Consul General of the United States in Mexico, at his home in Brooklyn, N.Y., on Nov. 22, at the age of 64 years. He performed distinguished service as a surgeon during the war and later as war correspondent, and in his diplomatic capacity in Mexico. As surgeon of the Eighty-seventh New York volunteers he served under General Philip Kearney in the peninsular campaign. He went through the seven days' fight, and was left in charge of the battle-field by General Sumner when the army retreated to Malvern hill. The wounded were carried to Richmond as prisoners, and Dr. Skilton was thrown into Libby prison. He was exchanged after a few weeks, but reached New York broken in health. Our memory of him will ever be a pleasant one, as he was our "guide, counsellor and friend" in the City of Mexico and its suburbs during January and February, 1879. A man of infinite wit and wide experience, he was a most delightful companion. We sincerely mourn his unexpected death.

DIV. 8, A. O. H., AND THE FAIR.

A very large meeting of friends of the Irish Fair met in the Holy Name school hall, Chicago avenue and Cass street, last Monday evening, to take action in its support. Mr. John J. Sherlock called the meeting to order and delivered a fine address. He was followed by the Rev. J. M. Scanlon, who presided, and eloquently urged all present to do the utmost for the success of the Fair. Speeches were also made by M. J. Maloney, James E. Mulvey, C. L. Mahoney, S. J. Forhan, Dennis E. Sullivan and some others. The officers and members of Div. 8, under whose auspices the meeting was held, earnestly ask the co-operation and assistance of all their North Side friends in making the Fair a mammoth success.

PAY YOUR BILLS.

Bills have been sent this week and last to all our city subscribers, and we hope they will respond promptly, without further solicitation on our part. Some of our advertisers, both in and out of the city, should also take this hint. They know we have expenses to meet, and it is neither manly nor generous to withhold what is honestly due.

DON'T forget that the Irish Fair will open at Battery D and the Second Regiment Armory this (Saturday) evening, Nov. 4.

MADAME IRELAND is visiting her friend, Miss Chicago, at Battery D and Second Regiment Armory from Dec. 4 to Dec. 18, and will be happy to meet all her friends at both centers of attraction. Madame Ireland is enjoying her American trip hugely. It has given her a new lease of life.

AT Montreal and Quebec, as well as elsewhere, Irishmen express their disgust at the state of disunion that exists among the parliamentary leaders in Ireland. They call loudly for a convention of the Irish race on this continent to take measures to bring around unity of action.

IT is quite evident that some kind of a bloody collision has occurred between the French and British troops in South Africa, and that the two nations are rapidly drifting toward war seems to be undoubted. The French press is exceedingly aggressive, and one paper, very aptly, calls England "the common enemy of civilization," at the same time urging Russia to attack her in India.

Ball and Reception.

The second annual reception and ball given by Div. 17, A. O. H., took place at the South Side Turner Hall, 3133 State street, on Saturday evening last. The whole entertainment was a most gratifying success, as, indeed, is always the case with every amusement given under the auspices of this pioneer division. As early as 8 o'clock the hall was well filled with nearly 200 couples. At 9 o'clock the band, under the leadership of Prof. Cavanaugh, began a quadrille, "Welcome All." The grand march, under the lead of Brother Thomas J. Maloney, the Apollo of the division, will long be remembered. The beauty of the ladies, together with the richness of the toilets, would have done honor to any occasion. The entertainment was brought to a close at an early hour of the morning with the music, "Home, Sweet Home."

THE IRISH FAIR.

With a blast of trumpets and the merry strain of an Irish orchestra, the doors of Battery D and the Second Regiment armory will be thrown open to the public this evening, Dec. 4, and the great Irish Fair will be a thing of reality.

All the prominent members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians and other kindred Irish societies will be present in the full regalia of their Order, and at 8 o'clock, Carter H. Harrison, Mayor of Chicago, will mount the stage and formally open the Fair of the Irish-Americans to the public of Chicago.

The band will play Irish melodies, while the interested sightseer will roam about the two spacious buildings viewing the many attractive features which have been arranged for his pleasure. To the Irishman the scene will recall memories dear in his heart of long ago, while to the Irish-Americans who have this opportunity of seeing such exhibits of the Emerald Isle for the first time, the Fair will prove an educational feature of great interest.

Everywhere, on all sides of the halls, will be specially designed attractions that are sure to interest the visitor. The Irish soil and the "Rocky Road to Dublin" having been arranged Friday, as were many of the other more important exhibits. The reproduction of Blarney castle will delight the Irish element who patronize the Fair. This feature has been in the hands of the decorators and designers for several days, and the castle is all that history tells of it.

In addition to Mayor Harrison, there will be a number of other men prominent in the affairs of Chicago, who will address the meeting, Senator Mason being among the number. As this is the initial day of the great Fair, the visitor will give but a cursory look at the many attractions, as it is understood that on this occasion the time will be given up to general good fellowship, listening to the addresses and renewing old acquaintances.

On Sunday the Fair will be closed, but on Monday the doors will be thrown open at 2 o'clock, at which time the visitor who comes for the purpose of seeing what is to be seen will be given an opportunity of satisfying his curiosity. The difference between this Fair and the Irish Fair held in New York city last May will lie in the fact that the Chicago enterprise will have about three times as many attractions, a building nearly twice as large and a larger proportion of Irishmen who will support the undertaking. The Irish people of New York were satisfied with the result of their experiment. The Irish people of Chicago will endeavor to duplicate this success and bring out a profit at least five times larger in the gross receipts than the New York enterprise.

The first few days of the Fair will be devoted to a series of spectacular productions, typical of daily life in Ireland, the first being "A Day in Ireland." This will include from the rising to the setting of the sun, and will show the hills, dales and green fields for which the island is famous. Then there will be panoramic views of Ireland showing the many historically interesting events which have become as household words in the mouths of the Irish-Americans. Manager Maguire has secured two Irish jig dancers, and an Irish bagpiper. The latter will parade about the buildings sounding his pipes and playing the tunes with which the native Celt is familiar.

Another feature that will be of interest will be the ariel bicycle, which will be ridden by a lady, directly over the heads of the spectators. The Irishman who owns the exhibition claims there are neither wires nor ropes attached to either lady or bicycle, and the attraction is sure to arouse considerable speculation as to how the daring rider can overcome the laws of gravitation.

Owing to the fact that the many solicitors who have cheerfully volunteered their services in behalf of the Irish Fair have failed to return their books in time to have the list of their subscribers printed, it is impossible to print the full list, as was expected, in this issue of THE CITIZEN. To give an idea, however, of the many people interested, it may be well to mention that such firms as W. F. McLaughlin, A. M. Rothschild, Sprague, Warner & Co., Franklin MacVeagh & Co., O'Donoghue, Coffee & Co., of New York; Marshall Field & Co., Delaney & Murphy, Volkman, Stoolwerck & Co., New York Biscuit Company, Charles R. Gunther, Huyler's Candy Company, Martin Dawson & Co., Montana Coal & Coke Company, and many other firms of prominence have given liberal donations for the Fair.

MARRIAGE OF O'NEILL RYAN.

Mr. O'Neill Ryan, the well-known St. Louis lawyer, was married to Miss Mary Carmen Rashcoe, of Spring Park, Mo., at St. Peter's church, Kirkwood, Wednesday morning, Nov. 24, at 8:30.

The announcement of the wedding is no surprise to the young couple's friends, as Dame Rumor had been busy the last few months with news of the engagement, and neither of the parties had denied the impeachment.

Miss Rashcoe is an exceptionally bright young woman and has a host of admiring friends and acquaintances. She was formerly a Presbyterian, but last February became a convert to the Roman Catholic church, to which faith her fiance belongs. Mr. Ryan is a progressive Irish-American, a leader in his profession and known throughout the country as a brilliant orator. He is connected with numerous Catholic and Irish societies and has an extensive business and social acquaintance. The bride's family is one of the most prominent in the State.

The ceremony was performed at mass, but the wedding was quiet, no invitations having been issued. The only attendants were Miss Louie Brown, of Brownhurst, as maid of honor, and Dr. Given Campbell, of St. Louis, groomsman.

The couple left immediately for a honeymoon trip of several weeks through the east, and on their return will be at home to friends in St. Louis, Mr. Ryan having fitted up a handsome home for his bride.—St. Louis Republic.

CATHOLIC CHARITY BALL.

Mayor Carter H. Harrison and Mrs. John H. Robinson led the grand march that opened the Charity Ball of the Catholic Women's National League at the Auditorium Tuesday night. It was the fifth annual function of the league, and was largely attended and brilliant.

The Catholic women, says the Tribune, met the winter weather that came earlier in the night face to face. While it was beginning to torture the poor with thoughts of the wolf at the door, the kind-hearted women were gathering gold to drive the beast away.

It was a contrast at which not only poverty could smile through its tears but at which the warm hearts that inspired it could beat more gladly. From the cold, stormy night outside the change to the warm, brilliantly-lighted ballroom of the Auditorium, gay with flowers and music and with the word "Charity" blazing on the wall and the sacredness of the cause in every breast, was an inspiration no one could resist, least of all the beautiful women and gallant men who moved about under the sea of lights and to the music of the dance.

The guests began arriving shortly before 9 o'clock, and when, at 10 o'clock, the Seventh Regiment band of seventy-three pieces began the spirited music of the "Pacemaker," and Mayor Carter H. Harrison, with Mrs. John H. Robinson on his arm, walked out on the floor ready to lead the grand march, the scene was beautiful.

Mayor Harrison and Mrs. Robinson were joined by Colonel and Mrs. P. J. Hennessy, who shared with them the honors of leading the march that formally began the ball. There were many more in the march than in the one of last year, and the costumes were even handsomer. Mrs. Robinson's gown was of yellow and white mousseline de sole, yellow and white being the colors of the Catholic Women's National League, of which Mrs. Robinson is president. Mrs. Hennessy wore a Paris gown of black and white. The Mayor, even when in the halls of mighty Tammany, never looked quite as proud and happy as he did when he led the march of the Charity Ball.

After the march and a short intermission the programme of twelve dances and a cotillion began with the measures of the "Rendezvous" waltz. As they played the guests assembled in the boxes and on the floor.

The fifth annual ball of the Catholic Women's League was as successful as the cause for which it was given deserved. It drew beauty and wealth. Society was pleased, and above all charity must have smiled. The amount raised for the fund of the league was a splendid one, and was the crowning glory of the ball.

The floor committee was as follows: William F. Carroll, Walter W. Alexander, D. W. Baker, John P. Barrett, D. F. Bremner, Jr., James E. Burke, Charles E. Carroll, John F. Clare, Henry Clark, T. H. Clifford, P. H. Conley, John Cooke, Jr., Joseph Cremins, Jr., Frank Crowe, Frank S. Cummings, J. F. Dalton, Walter Dore, W. F. Donohue, Austin J. Doyle, Jr., William A. Doyle, John W. Keogh, Jacob J. Kern, J. C. King, J. E. Kinsella, Harry J. Kipley, W. A. Lydon, William Lyman, P. T. McArdle, James P. McShane, M. G. Meehan, Frank A. Moody, Thos. W. Moran, Ira Morris, James W. Munhall, John E. Murphy, Joseph G. Murphy, Edward J. Murray, Bernard Neill, Frank Nelson, Joseph Duffy, H. R. Eagle, Walter J. Eagle, James P. Enright, Frank J. Flood, W. J. Fortune, John Fraher, Daniel V. Gallery, Jr., J. W. Garvey, D. C. Graham, Stephen Griffin, Edward Guerin, John W. Hanlon, Arnold Heap, John B. Heeney, C. Hickey, J. S. Hyland, P. W. Jackson, H. F. Jaeger, Thomas S. Kelruan, Eugene Keeley, Thos. F. Keeley, Joseph I. Kelly, Nicholas Nelson, Robert C. Newton, Joseph M. O'Brien, Theo. W. O'Connell, John O'Donnell, Hugh O'Neill, Alfred E. Plamondon, W. H. Powell, Thomas Prindiville, William H. Rehm, W. U. Riley, Thomas E. Rooney, Frank Sauter, Louis Sauter, William Stenson, James J. Sweenie, James Sweeney, John J. Sweenie, Witliam Sullivan, Thomas P. Wade, Mortimer Waters, and Eugene Whelan.

OBITUARY.

MRS. JOHANNA FINN.

Mrs. Johanna Finn, beloved wife of Thomas Finn, died at her residence, 34 Miller street, Nov. 21, after a few days illness. The funeral, which was very large, occurred on Tuesday, Nov. 23, after high mass of requiem at St. Patrick's church. Interment was at Calvary cemetery. The pallbearers were Timothy Dowling, Michael Collins, Thomas McNamara, John Dowling, Timothy Collins and Cornelius Collins. Deceased was a native of Newcastle West, County Limerick, Ireland, and came to this country over thirty years ago. She leaves her husband, Thomas Finn, and two children, Thomas Finn, Jr. and Patrick Finn, to mourn her loss. Mrs. Finn resided at the above address for more than twenty-five years, and was known throughout that locality as one possessed of many noble qualities. Her charitable and sympathetic disposition made her a favorite among the poor whom she was ever willing to assist. She was no less admired by those more fortunate, owing to her intelligence and judgment. As a lover of Ireland no truer woman ever lived. Her devotion to the Catholic church and her industrious habits made her a model among women, and her loss is bound to be felt for many years in the locality where she died. May her soul rest in peace.

Weak Nerves indicate deficient blood. Nervous people find relief by purifying and enriching their blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great nerve tonic.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Cure all liver ills.

To Cure Constipation Forever.
Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

SERGEANT TYRRELL'S BRAVERY.

Sergeant Martin Tyrrell aroused three families that were asleep in the house at 177 Liberty street, when fire broke out there at 3 o'clock Saturday morning, Nov. 20. He not only did that, but he entered the burning house four times and rescued Mrs. Rose Heakin and her two children from suffocation. He had to carry Mrs. Heakin out of the house twice, as after her first rescue she became so alarmed about one of her children that she re-entered the house. In saving her the second time Sergt. Tyrrell received burns on the face and hands.

The fire was in a two-story frame tenement house, occupied by half a dozen families. A barn at the rear was discovered on fire by the officer, and when he had returned from sending in an alarm he found the tenement in flames. None of the occupants had awakened, so Sergt. Tyrrell forced open the door and ran to the top of the steps through a hallway filled with smoke and aroused the family of Samuel Pitliken, who were able to reach the street without assistance.

Julius Goldstein's family were also awakened, but when Tyrell reached the sidewalk again he saw that the occupants of the first floor were still sleeping. The fire department had not arrived, so the sergeant, the hallway being in flames and inaccessible, scaled a porch eight feet high and climbed through a window at the side of the house. The sound of the breaking window awakened Heakin, who leaped from his bed and climbed out, leaving his wife and two children behind.

Seizing Mrs. Heakin, the sergeant carried her to the window and placed her outside on the porch roof, and then went back for Abe, 11 years old. As he was lifting Abe out of the window the woman called to him to go back and get her son Morris, who was still in the building. As the sergeant did so the woman re-entered the house for her clothing.

After having rescued the second child, the sergeant was climbing out of the window, when he saw the woman again in the room, which was by that time in flames.

Tyrell went back the fourth time and again rescued the woman, but in doing so his face and hands were burned. The damage to the barn and the house, which was a double one, is $700.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for December.

The Christmas number of Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly is brimful of attractive articles and entertaining stories for the festal season. The number opens with a Christmas story by Frank R. Stockton, entitled "Old Applejoy's Ghost," which contains a particularly clever idea worked out in Mr. Stockton's well-known pleasing manner. It is illustrated with three full-page drawings by George Wright. This is followed by the second paper in the magazine's important series on Andrew Jackson, and his times and compatriots, taking up this month "Andrew Jackson as a Military Commander," written by A. Oakey Hall, and containing portraits and views, and an excellent picture of Jackson spending Christmas Day, in 1814, by H. M. Eaton. Hunter MacCulloch contributes an entertaining paper on "The Music of Christmas Time," which is made particularly interesting by the insertion in the text of reproductions of the music of some of the old-time songs and carols. "Famous Ranchos of the San Gabriel Valley," written by Beatrice Bellido de Luna, has many fine illustrations. Perhaps the most important article in the number is one on "The Baptists," in which Gen. T. J. Morgan, Corresponding Secretary of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, describes the history, growth and creed of that religious body in this country. It is the first of a series of articles on the Religious Denominations of America. There are other interesting articles; several short stories in addition to the one by Frank R. Stockton, contributed by Amelia E. Barr and Margaret E. Sangster; poems by Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Minna Irving; an attractive department for the boys and girls, etc. Frank Leslie's Publishing House, New York.

STEAMSHIP ARRIVALS.

The Cunard Line.

The Etruria arrived at New York, Nov. 27, at 10 a. m.

The Umbria arrived at Queenstown, Nov. 26, at 7 p. m.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.
Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of five cents per loaf.

An Old Nurse for Children.
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

"Sunset Limited."

Finest first-class limited train. Twice a week, only three days to California. Complete particulars and rates at Chicago & Alton ticket office, 101 Adams street, and Southern Pacific ticket office, 238 Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

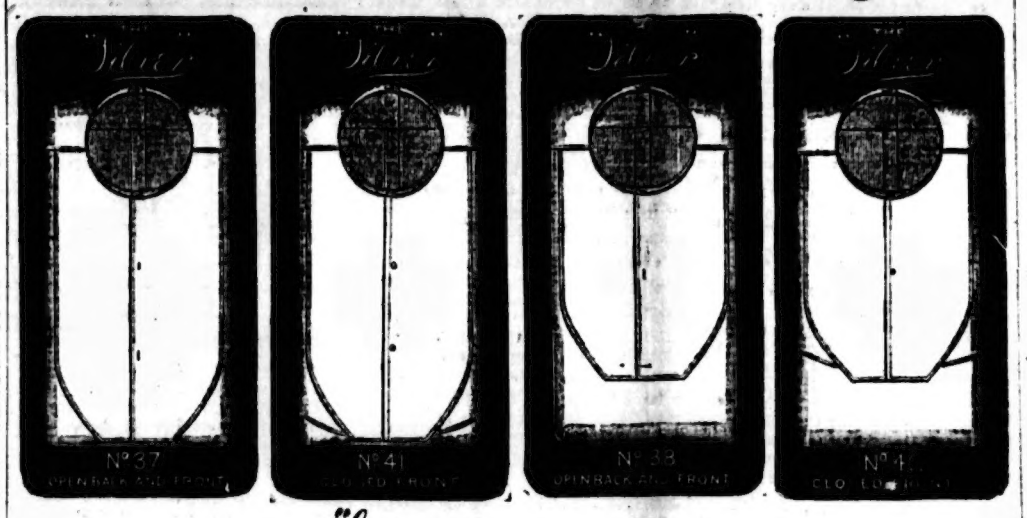
No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.
Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c, $1. All druggists.

California Excursions.

Personally conducted. Leave Chicago every Wednesday. Burlington Route to Denver, thence via Denver & Rio Grande Railway (the scenic line of the world). Parties travel in Pullman tourist sleeping cars fitted with every convenience, which go through to California and are in charge of special agents of long experience. For particulars address T. A. GRADY, Excursion Manager C., B. & Q. R. R., 211 Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

The Perfect Fitting White Shirt.

"The Silver" Brand is known the world over to be the best shirt ever retailed for $1.00--All sleeve lengths.



Ask your Dealer for a "The Silver" Brand and you will be sure to get a garment that will give you entire satisfaction--Do not take a substitute--said to be just as good.

H. R. EAGLE

70 WABASH AVENUE.

OUR AIM IS ALWAYS TO GIVE YOU STAPLE GOODS AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

Half barrel bag Kansas Patent Flour for	$2.30
25-lb bag Kansas Patent Flour for	.59 cts
After Dinner Java Coffee, per lb	.25 cts
½ box 5 lbs net London Layer Table Raisins	.45 cts
1-lb pkg best Corn Starch	3 cts
5-lb jars pure Fruit Jelly	.18 cts
Selected Roasted Mocha and Java Coffee, per lb	.20 cts
Coxe's Gelatine, per pkg	.14 cts
H. R. E. & Co.'s Gelatine, per pkg.	5 cts
Whole Black Pepper, Cloves, Cinnamon, or Allspice, per lb	9 cts
Pure Maple Sugar, per lb	.19 cts
New Lemons, per lb	9 cts
Old Maracaibo Coffee, roasted, lb.	20 cts
20-lb tubs pure Lard, per lb	5½ cts
New California Oranges, per doz.	25 cts
Mason Quart Jars Spanish Queen Olives	.19 cts
Yellow Corn Meal, 7 lbs for	.10 cts
Scotch Green Peas, 7 lbs for	.10 cts
Old Fashioned Hominy, 7 lbs for.	10 cts
2-lb pkg Self-Raising Buckwheat.	7 cts
10 lbs pure Wisconsin Buckwheat.	25 cts
7 lbs pure New York Buckwheat.	25 cts
1 gallon cans fancy Table Sirup	.29 cts
2 gallon pails fancy Table Sirup	.50 cts
5 gallon cans fancy Table Sirup	.98 cts
1 gallon cans dark Cooking Molasses	.25 cts
5 gallon cans dark Cooking Molasses	.79 cts
1 gallon cans fancy open kettle N. O. Molasses	.39 cts
1 gallon cans pure Sorghum	.30 cts
1 gallon cans pure Vermont Maple Sirup	.95 cts
½ gallon do	.50 cts
Quart cans do	.25 cts
All new mixed Nuts, per lb	.10 cts
Fancy Polished Texas Pecans, lb.	5 cts
Oatine or Wheat Flakes, either one makes a delicious breakfast dish	6 cts
14 lb ground Rio Coffee (is coffee and nothing else) for	$1.00
10 lbs good Roasted Rio Coffee	$1.00
New Navy Beans or Fresh Rolled Oats	2 cts
Assorted Fancy Toilet Soaps, per cake	2 cts
Mild Cured California Hams, lb.	4½ cts
Roasted Peaberry Coffee, per lb.	17 cts
Pint bottles Home-Made Catsup	9 cts
½ gallon bottles pickles, sweet, gherkins, mixed, or chow-chow	.19 cts
15-gallon kegs Sauer Kraut	$2.35
5-lb cans home-made Mince Meat	.38 cts
1 bar Kirk's American Family Soap, 1 bar O. P. & H. Linen Soap, 3-lb box best Laundry Starch, 1 large bottle best Laundry Blue, 1 bar P. & G. Ivory Soap, the assortment for	.27 cts
Fancy glass jars Prepared Mustard	5 cts
1-lb cans Spa Baking Powder for.	7 cts
A rich old Santos Coffee, roasted.	15 cts
Nut Meats, Walnuts, fancy Pecans, Hickory or Filberts, per lb	.29 cts
Good Green Rio Coffee, per lb	8 cts
Cudaby's Solid Extract of Beef, jar.	35 cts
A 5-lb air-tight can pure Ground Pepper for	.49 cts
Caraway Seeds, per lb	9 cts
Bulk Maccaroni, per lb	5 cts
1 gallon jugs Cider or White Wine Vinegar	.12 cts
15-lb pails pure Fruit Jelly	.39 cts
30 bars Eagle "Best" Soap, is the finest laundry soap made, for	.99 cts
2 boxes Rising Sun Stove Paste	5 cts
Liquid Shoe Polish for ladies' shoe	5 cts
Imported Holland Herring, keg	.69 cts

CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

We still have several good bargains from the leading New York factories—10-cent goods made by Seidenberg & Co., Lichtenstein & Co., and the Hilson Cigar Co. at a 5-cent price.

Plug Tobacco, per lb	.13 cts
Long Cut Smoking, per lb	.13 cts
Fine Cut Chewing, per lb	.17 cts
Mail Pouch, ½, Briar Pipe, ½, lb.	.26 cts
Climax, per lb	.32 cts
Star, per lb	.37 cts
Durham, 2-oz., per lb	.50 cts
Jenkinson's Winners, per box	.89 cts

CANNED GOODS.

	Per can.
3-lb cans Solid Meat Tomatoes	6½ cts
2-lb cans Fancy Sugar Corn	6 cts
2-lb cans Shoe Peg Corn; it is the finest sweet corn packed	9 cts
2-lb cans Clam Chowder	7 cts
1-lb cans Shrimp	7 cts
Dunbars Baratara Shrimp	17 cts
2-lb cans Polk's Early June Peas	6 cts
2-lb cans Marrowfat Peas	5 cts
2-lb cans Kidney Beans	5 cts
2-lb cans String Beans	5 cts
1-lb cans Clams	5 cts
Large cans Mustard Sardines	5 cts
3-lb cans Sweet Potatoes	5 cts
2-lb cans Lima Beans	5 cts
2-lb cans Wax Beans	6 cts
2-lb cans Gooseberries	6 cts
3-lb cans Pumpkin	6 cts
3-lb cans Squash	6 cts
2-lb cans Sweet Table Corn	6 cts
2-lb cans Pres. Blackberries	6 cts
2-lb cans Raspberries	6 cts
Hotel Mushrooms	14 cts
2-lb cans Sliced Pineapples	9 cts
3-lb cans Grated Pineapples	9 cts
1-lb cans Salmon	6½ cts
3-lb cans Griffin Table Peaches	8 cts
An Assorted lot California Table Peaches	12½ cts
3-lb cans Eastern Egg Plums	9 cts
3-lb cans California Egg Plums	9 cts
3-lb cans Eastern Greengages	9 cts
3-lb cans California Greengages	9 cts
3-lb cans California Apricots	9 cts
3-lb cans California Pears	9 cts
3-lb cans California Peaches	9 cts
Asparagus Tips	9 cts
Glass jars Preserved Peaches, jar.	17 cts
Glass jars Preserved Pears, jar.	17 cts
Glass jars Preserved Plums, jar	17 cts
Assorted lot California Apricots	12 cts
Assorted lot Cal. Canned Fruit	10 cts

TEAS.

8 lbs Ceylon or India Tea for	$1.00
Japan Nibbs, draws well, per lb.	16 cts
New Oolong Tea, per lb	19 cts
Sample Tea, a mixture of all grades, per lb	23 cts
Uncolored Japan Tea, per lb	25 cts
J. Ambrosia Fancy Basket Fired Japan Tea, is as good as is usually sold for 60 cents, per lb	35 cts
A Formosa Oolong Tea, per lb	35 cts
Fancy Teas, any of the following varieties: Moyune, Gunpowder, Young Hyson, Ceylon, English Breakfast or regular Japan, lb.	35 cts

THEY KEEP YOUR FEET DRY.

THE BIG FOUR.

The Waterproof Shoe—Sample cut open showing how they are constructed. Coin and plain toe, double soles, extension edges, waterproof lining, cork-filled soles and a rubber sole over the cork—no water can get in this shoe. We have exclusive sale of this shoe	$2.25
The Box Calf—White Bros.' stock—they claim it is waterproof, cork-filled sole, seal top, the very latest style, fit nice, all sizes	$2.50
The Winter Tan—Now, see this shoe before you buy—they are very clever as to style and quality, double sole, Goodyear extension edges, English back stay—the $4.00 kind for	$2.75
The Ozone—3 soles. This shoe always sells—made on the newest style last—three solid soles of leather—the greatest shoe on earth for the price	$2.00
Our Osceaay Slippers—for the ladies	39c
For the Boys—good shoes—nice shoes	$1.00

OUT OF TOWN ORDERS FILLED PROMPTLY.

H. R. EAGLE & CO.
70 Wabash Avenue.

H. R. EAGLE & CO.
70 Wabash Avenue.

These are English.

A few sample advertisements culled from London newspapers:

Wanted—A boy who can open oysters with a reference.

Wanted—A boy to be partly outside and partly behind the counter.

Bull dog for sale; will eat anything; very fond of children.

Furnished apartments suitable for gentlemen with folding doors.

For sale—A piano forte, the property of a musician with carved legs.

Annual sale now going on. Don't go elsewhere to get cheated—come here.

Lost a collie dog by a man on Saturday answering to Jim with a brass collar round his neck and a muzzle.

To be disposed of, a male phaeton the property of a gentleman with a movable headpiece as good as new.

Mr. Brown, furrier, begs to announce that he will make up gowns, capes, etc., for ladies out of their own skins.

DR. A. F. CONROY,

DENTIST,

McVicker's Theatre Building,

ROOM 20

Set of Teeth	$4.00
Best Set	8.00
22k. Gold Crowns	4.75
Silver Filling	.30
Gold Filling	1.00
Bridge Work, per tooth	5.00
Gold Plates	30.00

Harelip or Cleft, Palate Cancers, Tumors and all diseases of the mouth a Specialty. Consultation Free. Children's teeth examined free on Saturday from 2 to 4 p. m

THOMAS M'INERNEY & SONS,

(LATE OF M'INERNEY BROS.)

Undertaking and Livery.

Embalming a Specialty.

5050 STATE-ST. Telephone Yards 886.

Open Day and Night.

JAMES C. DOOLEY,

Justice of the Peace and Attorney at Law,

145 W. MADISON-ST., COR. UNION.

TELEPHONE MAIN 1853.

Legal Papers Drawn and Chattel Mortgages Acknowledged.

JOHN M. SMYTH CO.,

Dealers in

HOUSEHOLD GOODS,

PIANOS AND ORGANS,

150 to 160 West Madison Street,

Near Halsted.

P. B. FLANAGAN, ATTORNEY, 1315-17 ASHLAND BLOCK.

ESTATE OF ELIZABETH FARRELL, DECEASED—All persons having claims against the estate of Elizabeth Farrell, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of January, A. D. 1898, being the 17th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, November 24, 1897.

MARY F. CRONKHITE, Administratrix.

P. B. Flanagan, Attorney.

ESTATE OF TIMOTHY FARRELL, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Timothy Farrell, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the city of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of January, A. D. 189[illegible], being the 17th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, November 24, 1897.

MARY F. CRONKHITE, Executrix.

P. B. Flanagan, Attorney.

ESTATE OF EDWARD McCORMICK, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Edward McCormick, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of January, A. D. 1898, being the 17th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, November 24, 1897.

CATHERINE McCORMICK, Administratrix.

P. B. Flanagan, Attorney.

THE GREAT IRISH FAIR

Under the Auspices of the

Ancient Order Hibernians,

DEC. 4 TO 18, 1897,

BATTERY D AND 2ND REGIMENT ARMORY,

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE ERECTION OF

EMMET MEMORIAL HALL

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

LAWRENCE HENELY, CHAIRMAN. JOHN T. KEATING, SECRETARY.
M. E. LYNCH, TREASURER.
P. J. REYNOLDS. W. J. DOHERTY, F. J. CONROY, J. J. LAMB.

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F. L. MAGUIRE, Manager,

225 DEARBORN STREET ROOM 623.

Telephone Harrison 122.

IRISH EMPLOYMENT BUREAU.

Established in 1893.

Under the Auspices of the United Irish Societies of Chicago and Cook County.

HEADQUARTERS

at Rooms 10, 12 and 14 Quinlan Building,

81 S. CLARK ST.

All Employers Who Desire the Services of Deserving Irish-American Men and Women will be supplied with Competent Help on application to the Manager, Daniel O'Connor, at the above address.

No Charge to Employer or Employed. Services Absolutely free of cost.

TELEPHONE MAIN 4092.

STRIKING INCIDENTS.

SCENES THAT WERE PHOTOGRAPHED ON THE MEMORY.

The Professor Heard Governor Brough Make His Last Speech With Head Bared. General Buell and the Sergeant Crazed With Thirst at the Spring.

"Some of you youngsters," said the professor, "wonder how we old fellows remember the prominent men of 20 or 30 or 40 years ago so well. Because we associate them with some particular event, not necessarily of any importance, but serving to bring the men associated with it vividly before the mind. For example, I saw old Governor Brough of Ohio scores of times, but whenever I think of him I do not see him as he walked in his unwieldy way along the streets nor as he sat in his office, a dominating presence, nor as he appeared on state occasions, nor when he raged in controversy with the strongest men in the nation over the conduct of the war, but I see him as he stood one night on a pile of bricks, just outside Capitol square in Columbus.

"The fall of Richmond had been announced. The people were wild with excitement and enthusiasm. The understanding was that the governor would speak to them that night, and, standing on a pile of bricks at the corner of High and State streets, he talked to the people of the great news and what it meant to the nation. While he was speaking it began to rain, and still he spoke on. Those in the crowd who had umbrellas raised them, and there was a general shout for the governor to put on his hat. As he stood there that minute, with the raindrops pattering down on his bald head and splattering and sparkling in the light of the street lamp near, Governor Brough always comes to me.

"He paid no heed to the rain, and in his deep, resonant voice he said to the calls of the crowd: 'I will not put on my hat. A man must stand uncovered in the presence of an event that means so much to this people.' And he talked on, the people standing in the rain, and glorying in every word he said. That was the last speech made by Governor Brough, because the cold that resulted from the exposure took him down to death.

"Brough was one of the very strongest men of that period in public life, but do you know that I heard one of the most prominent ladies in Ohio urge that he be not renominated because he was so reckless in his use of tobacco? She forgot the ability, honesty, earnestness and zeal of the man who had received the largest majority ever given a candidate for any office in Ohio and made a violent campaign against him because he had a rough way and because he was such an inveterate tobacco chewer."

"I remember General Buell," said the sergeant, "not as he appeared in the battle of Shiloh, not as he appeared in full [illegible] at grand review, but as I saw him on a forced march, when he wore the negligee or fatigue dress. Our company had come, with dry throats and empty canteens, to a large spring that burst from the earth with force enough to turn the wheels of a mill. The men proceeded to fill their canteens and drink their fill. An orderly sat on his horse near and advised the men to be very careful in filling their canteens so as to leave the water clear for those who came after. A little apart from him on a splendid horse sat an officer in a straw hat. The man and the horse, even though the man was in so simple a dress, made a fine picture, but the boys did not look carefully enough at either to recognize the officer or the horse.

"One of the sergeants, crazed by thirst, plunging forward to the spring, intent only on getting the clear water to his parched throat, put one foot into the shallow edge of the spring. Instantly there came from the man in the straw hat the quiet and imperious order, 'Take your foot out.' The sergeant, irritated beyond endurance by what he regarded a trifling matter, turned and said insolently: 'Mind your own business, sir. I will have no quartermaster's clerk giving orders to me.'

"As though he had been a part of the man the splendid horse made one jump toward the spring and toward the sergeant, and the man in the straw hat said, with increased emphasis and imperiousness, 'Take your foot out,' and the bewildered sergeant recognized the commander in chief of the army. He stepped back and saluted, and then General Buell said quietly, looking down with a sort of sympathy into the dismayed face: 'Fill your canteens, but be careful. Thirty thousand men must take water from this spring before night.'

"Those who remembered what a mudhole a thousand men make of a spring understood why General Buell stood guard on that day."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Use For It.

"And now," said the banker, when they had entered the private office and closed the door, "what can I do for you?"

The sinister looking stranger drew from his pocket a glass vessel securely corked, containing a yellowish liquid.

"I want money," he said, "and I must have it. If I were to drop this glass on the floor and break it, both of us would be blown into a thousand pieces."

The banker scribbled an address upon a card.

"Take that thing up to my house," he said, "and turn it over to our new servant girl, and then name your price."—Strand Magazine.

Theater Chat.

He—In China a play is six months long.

She—Dear me, what a lot of good shoe leather you save in not being there to go out between acts!—Exchange.

LETTERS STOPPED IN TIME.

People Saved by Postmasters From the Result of Hasty Action.

"The tears were streaming from her eyes like spray from the Yerkes fountain," said a clerk in the inquiry division of the postoffice, laughing at the memory of the stout, florid woman who rushed in one hot afternoon with the plaintive wail, 'Stop my letter. Give me my letter to the old country!'

"That letter," the man went on, "was dropped somewhere within the city limits and was mixed in with some 2,000,000 other letters, yet she wanted us to get it for her quick—seemed to think that I would bounce out of my chair like a rubber ball out of a tennis racket, snatch up that particular epistle and come running back breathless and hand it to her. Now, the facts are that the government does not permit the stopping of a letter that has left the writer's hands unless it is important that it should be done. It makes an enormous amount of extra work. Here is a blank that must be filled out, stating the box in which the letter was dropped, the time, the address and the reason why the request for the recovery is made. That reason sometimes discloses some very interesting and romantic facts; but, of course, most of the letters are stopped for the business houses about town. When we asked the red faced Niobe what her reason was, she boohooed, 'Me an my man had some troubles, an I wrote to my fader for moneys to go home, but my man an me have made up, an I would not have that letter go for a t'ousand dollar.' We got that letter for her.

"There was another, a young woman who rushed in here during the opera season, and when she had caught a little breath she said she wanted a letter she had addressed to Peoria, Ills. There were some $5 opera tickets in it that she wanted to use that night. She had had a letter written to her family, and, thinking there might be a postscript to add, had not sealed it. She bought her seats to 'Tannhauser' and left the window with her purse, her letter and her tickets in her hand. The open envelope was so inviting a place for the tickets that she thought she would carry them there, but just as soon as she saw a letter box it was like a red rag to a bull. She sealed the envelope and posted it, tickets and all, and it was hours before she remembered what she had done and then came down to us for help. We got her tickets too.

"Young women who have 'reconsidered' a proposal or who regret a hasty note, like the men, blushingly confide their troubles to us, and we have prevented more than one broken heart.

"Sometimes the letters have left our hands and we have to telegraph to catch them, which is done at the person's expense. We have more than once cabled to Berlin and St. Petersburg to head off a billet doux or some request from an impatient and petulant son for a check. A scion of a noble German house came in here to implore us to prevent the delivery of a demand for money, written, I fancy, in a tone that, in the light of recent remittances, would endanger his inheritance. There is some mighty interesting reading among the blanks requesting letters stopped, all of which are sent on to Washington."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

The Changing Leaves.

It is one of the marvels of trees that every species bears its own mark in every part, root and branch, bark and leaf, as well as fruit. A wise elder told us the other day the species of oak from which an acorn came by the fine tracery on the acorn's cup. Such a riot of colors and tints there is in the falling leaves that one might think the colors are accidental, but the keynote of color is constant in any species, with only exceptional variations.

The mistress of a manse in the Virginia valley once went into the woods and selected her young trees by their colors, and those colors they still wave in each returning fall. The birches are a golden yellow, while the oaks vary through yellow orange to a reddish brown. The red maple sheds at the last a dark red leaf and the tulip tree a light yellow. The hawthorn and the poison oak are violet, while the sumac and the wild vines take on a flaming scarlet. Soil will make some variations, and a dry season will almost take the color and beauty altogether away.—Richmond Central Presbyterian.

An Artist's Slip.

Half a century ago, says a London paper, the late Sir John Gilbert was commissioned to illustrate a short story for a London weekly. When he had finished the work, the editor remarked, 'Why, Mr. Gilbert, the story says an escort of infantry soldiers, and here on the block you have given us mounted ones.' 'Dear me, so I have,' responded the artist, 'but I haven't time to do another drawing now. Can't you make an alteration in the story to make it fit in?' The "copy" was handed to a subordinate to make the requisite alteration, but that gentleman forgot to delete the chapter describing how the soldiers had gained the summit of a steep mountain, parts of which they were obliged to scale with ladders. Horses could not have been got there unless by the assistance of a crane. Afterward shoals of letters from subscribers wished to know how the cavalry got there.

Oil of Peppermint.

The oil of peppermint is widely used in the east and is becoming well known in this country for external application in cases of neuralgia or of rheumatism. Internally, greatly diluted, it is of value in gastric disorders or for a cold or cough. The orientals likewise employ the pungent oil as an antiseptic for wounds or burns. For the latter accident it would seem the harshest of remedies, and yet is no more so than ammonia, which has a most magical effect if touched lightly to the seared skin.

A PRACTICAL VIEW OF IT.

The folks that write of fields of green where
birds and daisies rule,
I'll bet you, never struck them fields and
plowed a Georgy mule,
And them that write of tinkling bells in dells
where cattle roam,
I'll bet you, never had to drive the scampering cattle home!

And them that sing of woodlands sweet and
softly sighing pines,
I'll bet you, never had to tramp through prickly briers and vines
And cut a cord of wood or two! No matter
what they say,
The country ain't as purty as it looks from
far away!

Just let 'em come and try it—where people
have to rise
Before the sun has blazed a way along the
chilly skies
And work from then until the stars look from
the darkening dome—
I'll bet you, 'fore the day was done they'd all
make tracks for home!

And yet they keep on singing of country life
"so sweet"
And leave out all the mortgages and notes we
have to meet!
We thank 'em for their compliments, for all
the words they say,
But still we ain't as purty as we look from
far away!

—Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

DAREDEVIL HEROISM.

Brave Rescue of General Payne by Some Negro Volunteers.

"The most daredevil piece of heroism I ever saw was by some negroes before Fort Pillow, when I was a prisoner inside the fort and General Payne was lying in front of it with his leg shot off," was the way Charles Cotton of Company C of the One Hundred and Sixty-first New York infantry began a story of valiant rescue that he told to some negro veterans.

"General Payne's leg had been shot off in the first charge," he continued, "and he was lying hidden behind some rocks in front of the fort, when his troops were forming plans to rescue him. The scathing fire from the fort swept that spot, and no officer dared to command any of his men to go to certain death in what looked like a vain attempt to rescue their chief.

"While the men were deliberating a negro stepped up and said, 'We might as well run our chances now as any other time, and I for one will make the attempt.' He was a handsome fellow, and the spirit he displayed was at once equaled by that of 11 other negroes, who stepped out and volunteered their services. A stretcher was brought, and four of them started, but had gone only a few yards when every one was shot dead. A moment after four others of the volunteers rushed out, and, picking up the stretcher, carried it a few yards farther, when they, too, were killed. The four who were left went ahead as if nothing had happened, and two of them came back alive with the general, while the other two were left [illegible] at the pi[illegible] of rocks where General Payne had been lying. General Payne is still living, and, I am told, the two noble fellows who rescued him have wanted for nothing ever since."—Buffalo Express.

America's Literary Necessity.

America needs to start a new intellectual cycle, and it is superfluous to say that the way to start is not to rest in the boasted excellence of some light form of literature, for example, the American short story. It will take larger effort than this, and effort along lines ill beset, to bring out the American rival of Homer and Dante and Virgil and Goethe and Shakespeare. There is a deal of meaning in the remark attributed to Horace Greeley that what the United States needed was a sound thrashing, but that unfortunately no other nation on earth was big enough to give it to them. The old world is well worn. It is gradually approaching, from sheer weariness, a social if not a political federalism, in which America must be teacher, not pupil.

But the only lesson which America is now teaching the world in the ideal realm is precisely the lesson which Von Hartmann has already put in words—namely, that the literature of the future is to be as the farce which the Berlin business man goes to see of an evening by way of recreation. It is doing its best to prove that after Goethe the role of transcendent genius is no longer to be played. By way of bringing about a new movement in letters it would be an excellent thing if some profoundly one sided thinker should arise to shake to pieces the eminently respectable but fatally monotonous philosophy of the American schools.—J. S. Tunison in Atlantic.

A Definition.

A woman was being examined at the Old Bailey as a witness, when, to a question put by the barrister, Mr. C——, she replied, "Don't think to humbug me."

"Answer the question directly, woman, or I'll commit you," interrupted the recorder.

"Aye," said Mr. C——, "and tell us what you mean by humbug."

"Why," replied the woman, "if I was to tell you, Mr. C——, that the recorder was a gentleman that would be humbugging you and the court too."—English Exchange.

Force of Habit.

A woman will always ask the price of everything before she pays for it. Yesterday afternoon a woman stepped into a confectioner's shop and said:

"I want sixpennyworth of chocolates."

They were handed to her, d she took out her purse and remarked:

"How much is it, please?"—London Fun.

Some idea of the terrific force with which a bird passes through the air may be gained through the fact that a common curlew flew right through a piece of plate glass a quarter of an inch thick at Turnberry lighthouse, Ayrshire.

The original of the phrase "on tick," meaning credit, was "on ticket," the idea being that articles bought and not paid for at the time had to be noted on a ticket.

A FAMOUS PHOTOGRAPHER.

Mrs. Cameron, Who Was a Friend of Herschel and Tennyson.

In The Century V. C. Scott O'Connor has an article on "Mrs. Cameron, Her Friends and Her Photographs." Mr. O'Connor says:

A feature of her personality which lay at the root of her great success as a photographer was her love of all that was beautiful. "She was always took by a face," as an old woman in Freshwater who remembers her put it to me. Charles Turner said the same thing in poet's language when he told her, in the sonnet he addressed to her on leaving the isle of Wight after a visit, that she "loved all loveliness." In obedience to this impulse she invariably stopped and spoke to any one, however unknown, whether in a great London thoroughfare or a village lane, whose beauty attracted her. "I am Mrs. Cameron," she would say. "Perhaps you have heard of me. You would oblige me very much if you would let me photograph you. Will you let me do so?" And by such bold and unconventional means she prevailed on many, absolute strangers though they were, to sit to her.

One of her models captured in this way was a young lady come as a summer visitor to Freshwater. Mrs. Cameron, engrossed at that time in some remarkably fine studies illustrative of the "Idylls of the King," was at a loss for a model for Queen Guinevere. But the advent of the fair stranger settled all her doubts. Here was a beauty suited to her purpose, and within the hour she had carried her off to lunch and subsequent photography.

The lady proved a most kind and indefatigable model. The village postman had already been secured for King Arthur, and Mrs. Cameron's picture of him in this character is one of the best things in the collection. A friend, going one day to Dimbola, found the young lady looking rather fatigued.

"Oh," she said, with an expressive gesture, "I am so tired."

Supposing her fatigue was the result of a long walk on a midsummer day, my friend made some suitable reference to the matter, but the young lady answered with a smile:

"Oh, no. I have not been for a walk. I have been lying on the floor for the last two hours, clutching the postman's ankle."

Mrs. Cameron, ever kind and unselfish, possessed the faculty of bringing out such qualities in others. In 1879 she died, a few months after her last return to Ceylon.

"As the day died," her sons wrote to Lord Tennyson, "as the day died on Sunday, January the 26th, the sweet, tender, gracious spirit of our beloved mother passed away in peace." No death could have been more calm, more beautiful, than hers

Lincoln's "Selfishness."

Mr. Lincoln once remarked to a fellow passenger on the old time mud wagon coach on the corduroy road which antedated railroads that all men were prompted by selfishness in doing good or evil. His fellow passenger was antagonizing his position, when they were passing over a corduroy bridge that spanned a slough. As they crossed this bridge and the mud wagon was shaking like a Sucker with chills, they espied an old razorbacked sow on the bank of the slough, making a terrible noise because her pigs had got into the slough and were unable to get out and in danger of drowning. As the old coach began to climb the hillside Mr. Lincoln called out, "Driver, can't you stop just a moment?" The driver replied, "If the other feller don't object." The "other feller"—who was no less a personage than at that time Colonel E. D. Baker, the gallant general who gave his life in defense of Old Glory at Ball's Bluff—did not "object," when Mr. Lincoln jumped out, ran back to the slough and began to lift the little pigs out of the mud and water and place them on the bank. When he returned, Colonel Baker remarked, "Now, Abe, where does selfishness come in on this little episode?" "Why, bless you soul, Ed, that was the very essence of selfishness. I would have had no peace of mind all day had I gone on and left that suffering old sow worrying over those pigs. I did it to get peace of mind, don't you see?"—Springfield (Ills.) Monitor.

Paying the Cook.

In old times to dine with a nobleman cost more in tips to the servants than a club dinner. James Payn relates that Lord Poor, a well named Irish peer, excused himself from dining with the Duke of Ormond upon the ground that he could not afford it. "If you will give me the guinea I have to pay your cook (fancy!), I will come as often as you choose to ask me," which was accordingly done. The duke, however, had not the pluck to stop the practice. Lord Taafe, a general officer in the Austrian service, did what he could. He always attended his guests to the door. When they put their hands into their pockets, he said: "No. If you do give it, give it to me, for it was I who paid for your dinner." To Sir Timothy Waldo must be given the credit of putting an end to the monstrous practice. After dinner with the Duke of Newcastle he put a crown into the cook's hand. It was rejected. "I do not take silver, sir." "Very good, and I do not give gold." This courageous rejoinder "caught on," and the day of vails to cooks was over.

A Shrewd Cyclist.

An eminent queen's counsel is said to take his bicycle exercise in the following fashion: He goes out every night, but he always rides before the wind, and consequently the direction of his ride depends upon the wind. He always comes back by train.—London Telegraph.

Early Training.

"It seems strange that they should make such a vulgar display of their wealth."

"Oh, I don't know—he started as a window dresser."—Chicago Journal.

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General Turr and the Neapolitans.

"Did you have any difficulty with the Neapolitans?" I asked. "None," said Turr. "The following episode will give you an idea of our relations: Demonstrations were the order of the day. I had only been governor of Naples two days when, looking out of my windows at the Palazzo Forestaria, I saw an immense crowd of about 10,000 persons coming along shouting, 'Death to the Bourbons!' I sent out to invite three of the ringleaders to confer with me as to what they wanted and what it was all about. One of them was Gambardella, a great leader among the fishermen, who informed me that they wanted 400 Bourbons whose names he had down in a list and handed to me (scorticarli). I said: 'Gentlemen, pray sit down and let us discuss the question. Now what do you think Europe would say when it hears that under the government of Garibaldi and Gambardella 400 Bourbons have been killed?'

"'But, my lord general,' says he, 'do you not know the way in which we have been treated? I myself have been in prison and received 25 blows with a stick.'

"'Why, my friend,' I said, 'that is the very point. For having committed such like brutalities the government of the Bourbons has fallen. And if we imitated their example all we should prove is that we ourselves are unworthy of liberty.' With these and similar words I succeeded in soothing their rage and from that moment Gambardella placed himself at the head of a new movement—in those days every one had to be at the head of some movement—and was in the habit of making me his counselor and acting according to my advice. Garibaldi got to know him later and liked him very much. But one morning the poor man was stabbed in the street."—Contemporary Review.

Proud of the Capital.

The people of the country are fond of their capital. More than the Washingtonians themselves, they have seen the wonderful progress of Washington, for by visits at intervals, some of them extending over years, they have met with some contrasts which tell the story to the spectator more thoroughly than constant living in the city could do. In different parts of the country we have heard people discuss the growth of Washington with pride and relate the comparisons of their various visits. The man who was there 10 or 20 years ago and who goes again this year takes a tale back home which he never tires of telling.

And not only will Washington have no rival in the sense of competition, but it is destined to be beautiful beyond any other city or any other capital in the world. What has been done is simply an earnest of what is to come. It will be the capital of society as well as politics. Art and education will follow, and already it is a fact that more learned and authoritative men can be gathered in an audience in that city than anywhere else in the country. In fact, Baltimore is glad to be so near Washington.—Baltimore American.

The Fullness of Country Life.

In the country every morning of the year brings with it a new aspect of springing or fading nature, a new duty to be fulfilled upon earth and a new promise or warning in heaven. No day is without its innocent hope, its special prudence, its kindly gift and its sublime danger and in every process of wise husbandry and every effort of contending or remedial courage. The wholesome passions, pride and bodily power of the laborer are excited and exerted in happiest unison. The companionship of domestic and the care of serviceable animals soften and enlarge his life with lowly charities and discipline him in familiar wisdoms and unboastful fortitudes, while the divine laws of seedtime, which cannot be recalled, harvest, which cannot be hastened, and winter, in which no man can work, compel the impatience and coveting of his heart into labor too submissive to be anxious and rest too sweet to be wanton.—John Ruskin.

The Home of a Genius.

Beethoven was born in a small house in Bonn. His father had inherited the vice of drinking, and often Beethoven and his younger brother were obliged to take their intoxicated father home. He was never known to utter an unkind word about the man who had made his youth so unhappy, and he never failed to resent it when a third person spoke uncharitably of his father's frailty.

Young Beethoven was thus taught many a severe lesson in the hard school of adversity. But his trials were not without advantage to him. They gave to his character that iron texture which upheld him under his heaviest burdens.

The Process of Elimination.

"I have just seen the man you are looking for," said the excited citizen to the detective.

"Where?"

"In the suburb where I reside."

"I am much obliged to you," replied the detective as he took out a map and crossed off a space on it.

"Are you not going to send a man out there?"

"There would be no use of that. He is too smart to stay in the same place long. Still, your information helps some. It points out a spot where we can be pretty sure the criminal is not."—Washington Star.

Men Are Growing Bigger.

Recent athletic records show that our young men are surpassing their predecessors in nearly every line of muscular performance. It has been demonstrated, moreover, that the average American man has become taller by at least one inch within the last two generations, and that, compared with his European contemporaries, he has been steadily growing larger of limb, weightier in the scale, and, most significant of all, longer lived.—New York World.

Do Clocks Get Tired?

"Do clocks get tired?" said Mr. Billtops. "I imagine they do. I love to hear a clock tick. I suppose everybody does. We had a little clock that I used to keep in my own room. It stopped one day and I shook it up a little and it started on, but it soon stopped again, and after that it kept stopping, and sometimes it would take me ten minutes to shake it up so that it would go on and keep going. I suppose I spent on that clock as much time as would have paid for half a dozen clocks like it, and finally it stopped altogether and I gave it up and the little clock lay idle for months. I supposed that sooner or later we should throw it away, and I thought the only reason that we didn't was because we hate to throw anything away.

"But one day one of the children got hold of the clock and took the back off it to see what was the matter with it. You know what happens when children begin fooling with a clock. I never expected to hear the clock tick again, but I'm blessed if the shaver didn't make it go. What he did to it I don't know—nothing, I guess, except to oil it, and I suppose that was all it needed, or else it had simply tired and had wanted a rest, but it's going again now and ticking away like a good one."—New York Sun.

Two Anecdotes.

Who does not know the "copper horse" at Windsor—that equestrian statue at the end of the long walk, to which (and back again) the local flyman always offers to drive the tourist? The queen was entertaining a great man, who in the afternoon walked from the castle to Cumberland lodge. At dinner her majesty, full, as always, of gracious solicitude for the comfort of her guests, said, "I hope you were not tired by your long walk?" "Oh, not at all, thank you, ma'am. I got a lift as far back as the copper horse." "As far as what?" inquired her majesty, in evident astonishment. "Oh, the copper horse, at the end of the long walk." "That's not a copper horse. That's my grandfather."

Lord R., preaching at the French exhibition, implored his hearers to come and drink of the eau de vie.—Manchester Guardian.

A Woman's Wit.

A western judge was approached by a verdant couple who wanted to be married. The would be groom asked the price of tying the knot and was told it was $1.

"Can't you take beeswax?" inquired the rustic.

"Yes," said the squire.

The wax was brought in and upon being weighed was found to be worth just 60 cents.

"Well," said the anxious groom, "tie the knot, and I'll fetch more wax next week."

"No, sir. I don't trust. That is against the rules of the office."

Slowly the disappointed youth turned to go out, saying, "Come, Sal, let's go."

"I say, mister," answered Sal, with a woman's wit, "can't you marry us as far as the wax will go?"

"Yes, I can and I will," responded the judge, laughing, and he did.—Exchange.

TO NARROW EDUCATION.

Professor Norton Illustrates With a Story on Biology.

Charles Eliot Norton, professor of arts at Harvard university, whom Matthew Arnold described as the "only gentleman in America," objects most heartily to undergraduate specializing. He believes in the English university training, which gives a man a broad education and a liberal equipment for citizenship which makes of him a cultivated gentleman. In one of his lecture courses Professor Norton told of a student with whom he had talked. The young man was a sophomore; his specialty, biology. He described with great enthusiasm the character of his work and lamented the fact that he had been unable, through the regulations of the faculty, to take more biology in his freshman year. As a junior and a senior he intended to elect it exclusively, he said.

The young man's enthusiasm was rather more saddening than inspiring to the professor. Four years' devotion to a single subject was crushing to his ideals of education. So he asked:

"Don't you think that your career in college would eventually be more satisfactory to yourself and of more profit to others if you were to take less of biology and acquaint yourself a little with literature and history and the arts?"

The sophomore thought he was predestined for biology.

For some time Professor Norton was silent. Then he said rather absently:

"Do you confine yourself to any particular branch of biology?"

The face of the student brightened. It was evident that he did. To the professor there was something pathetic as well as humorous in the reply that came quickly:

"Oh, yes. My work is entirely devoted to a study of the white ant's intestines."—Exchange.

HAD NO "SCOLDING LOCKS."

Tried to Oblige a Friend, but She Got Angry About It.

Some people are absolutely devoid of tact. One of these is a youthful matron who, wishing to make her very dearest friend—another young matron—a birthday present, decided on the purchase of a handsome pair of shell side combs.

Nothing could have been more appropriate for the blond tresses of her friend, and the giver felt much pleased with her selection when she went to call on her and give her the pretty ornaments.

"I thought you would like them," she said when her friend had admired them and thanked her rapturously, "you will find them so handy to fasten up your scolding locks."

"What do you mean?" asked her friend in a surprised tone.

"Did you never hear of scolding locks? They are the short ends of your hair that are always flying loose. They bother one so much, but side combs keep them in order, besides being very becoming ornaments."

"So you think I have scolding locks—then I must be a scold. Thanks awfully, dear, but I don't believe I need any combs. Keep them for your own scolding outfit." And the face of the "dearest friend" clouded with anger.

"Very well, just as you like. Goodby, dear." And the donor of the combs snatched them up and carried them home, where she had a fit of hysterics, and all because she needed a little tact.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Chided Mr. Rockefeller.

A newly engaged clerk in the employ of the Standard Oil company was sent to work in a room that contained a health lift. Every morning at about 10 o'clock, when this clerk was particularly busy with figures, a small, black mustached man, quiet and diffident in manner, entered, said "Good morning," walked on tiptoe to the corner and exercised for a quarter of an hour. It became a bore to the clerk, who at last one day remarked with considerable heat to the stranger:

"How do you expect me to do my work properly while you are fooling with that blasted machine? I'm getting tired of it. Why don't you put it where it won't worry a person to death?"

"I am very sorry it annoys you," said the stranger, flushing. "I will have it removed at once."

A porter took it away within an hour. A few days later the clerk was sent for by Mr. Flagler, whom he found in earnest conversation with the small, black mustached man. The latter smiled at seeing him, gave Flagler some instructions and left the room.

"Will you tell me who that gentleman is?" the young man asked, a light beginning to break upon him.

"That was Mr. Rockefeller," was the reply.

It was the clerk's first acquaintance with the head of the great corporation by which he was employed.—Ohio State Journal.

Eating In Mexico.

Mexico is a land where people like to eat and eat a good deal. The dinner table is well spread, and there is an abundance. Food is served in courses and often many of them. A common bill of fare in thousands of houses at noon will be: Soup, called caldo, or broth; rice, or macaroni, known as sopa; baked and stuffed tomatoes and artichokes, a most delicious vegetable; two kinds of meat, often chicken and a roast, or chops and steaks; fried potatoes, salad, beans, which always appear; fruit and several kinds of sweets and then coffee. Everything comes on separately, served by a boy or maid. This is a very usual repast and is frequently varied with fish from Vera Cruz or the fresh water lakes. Red wine and pulque are usual table drinks.—Cor. Boston Herald.

Illiterate Turkish Women.

Out of the large number of women in Constantinople—the population is nearly 1,000,000—not more than 5,000 can read or write.

Society Directory

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